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VOL. XVIII. ATLANTA, GA., MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1885. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HE WILL NOT GO.

THE PRESIDENT WILL REMAIN IN THE CAPITAL.

He Recognizes the Fact that the Claim of the Country Must Govern Him, Instead of His Personal Feelings—The Reasons Given for His Course—Departmental News.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—The president this afternoon determined not to make the trip to Indianapolis. To a representative of the associated press he said:

"In the first moment of the shock over Mr. Hendricks's death, I yielded to my inclination and declared my intention to be present at the funeral. Of course, in reaching that conclusion I did not put out of view the peremptory press of public business, or what I deemed sufficient consideration of my duty to the people. The public business, I thought I could dispose of by additional application and more hours of work, and I considered it to be my duty to the people to answer the tender sentiment of respect and affection to the dead vice president which does them great honor. I am satisfied now that I was at fault in considering the question, in that I did not take as comprehensive a view of the duty I owe the public as I should. That is, I did not look at every phase of it, and I am afraid my strong personal desire somewhat clouded my judgment. I am now reminded by some of the best and most patriotic and thoughtful of our citizens that the real and solemn duties of my office are at the national capital, and that in the present peculiar and delicate situation, I ought not to take even the remotest chance of the accident accident to travel to gratify a sentiment so general and so characteristic as that involved in this subject. I have been profoundly impressed by these considerations, but most of all influenced by their strong and unanimous presentation by the devoted friends of the late vice-president, living in his state and city, and their indorsement by the noble and patriotic woman, who, in the infinite sorrow of her widowhood, reflects the spirit and character of her honored husband in her solicitude for the public good. I am now certain that neither my desire nor sentiment referred to, nor the difficulty that attends in this case a change of design, nor any stubborn idea of heroism will justify me in subjecting the country to any greater chance of disaster than attends my performance of strict duty here, and that I ought not inflict upon my countrymen even the unrest and anxiety attending my departure, absence and return in attendance upon the funeral ceremonies."

The secretaries of state, the navy and the interior, and the postmaster-general will leave here tomorrow for Indianapolis, to attend the funeral of the late vice-president. They will go by special train over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

HENDRICKS'S LAST LETTER.

Hughes East, who was Mr. Hendricks's private secretary, received this morning one of the last letters written by the dead vice-president. It was dated November 23, and reached here yesterday, but owing to its being legal holiday was not delivered. Mr. Hendricks writes: "I am not feeling very well today," and further along says that he thinks the criticism upon the displacement of a certain subordinate here unnecessary. This refers to the discharge of a watchman whose alleged indorsement by Mr. Hendricks was widely mentioned. In fact, the man's backers numbered many other prominent gentlemen. In this letter Mr. Hendricks also inclosed an indorsement from his soldier brother, James Hendricks, of Shelbyville, in behalf of a pension claimant, and directed that it be filed.

HENDRICKS IN STATE.

Bells Ringing and the City Under Crape—Viewing the Dead.

INDIANAPOLIS, November 29.—Yesterday afternoon the body of Vice-President Hendricks was dressed, and after being placed in the burial casket was carried down stairs to the front parlor, where it will remain until to-morrow. Around the room, on the tables and mantles, are beautiful floral devices sent in by sympathetic friends, and on the coffin is a large pillow of white flowers with the simple initial "H" in blue immortelles in the centre. The casket rests near the window, and through the darkened curtain but little light falls upon it. The face of the dead man remains very much of its natural appearance, and aside from the closed eyes and rigid muscles, the presence of death is not shown conspicuously. Only intimate friends of the family were admitted to the room and last night the house was closed entirely to callers.

Within the last twenty-four hours Hon. Wm. H. English and other personal friends of Mr. Hendricks have been in receipt of telegrams from prominent men at Washington and elsewhere, expressing the opinion that it would be unwise and injudicious for Mr. Cleveland to leave Washington under the present circumstances, even to attend the funeral of the vice-president, and suggesting that it would be graceful for Mrs. Hendricks and her friends to say to him in a dispatch that while they would be gratified at his attendance, his failure to come in the present condition of affairs would not be considered at all disrespectful.

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE.

As the hour approached for the removal of the remains of the late vice-president from home to the court house, the streets in the vicinity became crowded, and the avenue through which the procession was to march was one solid mass of people. At 11 o'clock, the casket was placed in the hearse, and amid the tolling of church and fire bells, the funeral cortege proceeded to its destination. Every building along the line of march was heavily draped in mourning. When the procession neared the courthouse it was found necessary to stop for nearly ten minutes until the streets could be cleared for it to proceed. This building, a magnificent architectural structure, presented a striking appearance. The entire front was covered with black and marble columns, encircled with streamers of black and white and the national colors. The entrances were heavily draped, and from the tower floated a flag at half mast. The inside view was very imposing. The broad corridor, extending the length of the block, was draped throughout with festoons of black and white. The gallery was covered with evergreens, interwoven with folds of flags. The approaches, stairways and side corridors were full of ferns and growing plants and flowers.

THE CASKET DEPOSITED.

Under the rotunda, directly in the center of the building, stands the catafalque, a very elaborate structure. The enclosed space is [illegible] twelve by fifteen feet, the approaches [illegible] by gentle inclines. In the centre of it is [illegible] tier, raised about three feet from the floor, and covered with broadcloth. The canopy of black silk and crape and [illegible] flags is supported by four columns wrapped with evergreen and crape. At the entrance and on all the sides, are plants, so that the structure seems to have been built in a beautiful conservatory, and the whole effect is striking and imposing. At 11:30 o'clock the casket was brought in, and the floral offerings were arranged at the head and foot. Large broken columns, surmounted by white doves and sheaves, roses, smilax, ferns and carnations were placed directly at the head of the coffin. A very elaborate offering, sent by Patrick Egan, president of the Irish Land league of America was placed. It is five feet in height with a circular top, the ground work being ivy and smilax. On this is a large harp of white marechal neil rosebuds, calla lilies and hyacinths. Above are the words: "Even mourns her fearless advocate." and at the base the following stanza:

"It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid over him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that has fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him."

On the coffin there was placed a beautiful floral pillow of roses and smilax, on which rests a broken gavil, the insignia of office, made of violets, and below this another pillow of white with the letter "H" in blue immortelles in the center. At the foot was another very elaborate design sent here by the citizens of Madison county, being a column and crown of white roses and lilies arising from a bed of velvet, while another like design had on it, "At rest at last," Mr. Hendrick's last wards. Many other floral offerings, elaborate and beautiful, were placed in the catafalque.

LOOKING AT HIS FACE.

Only the bust and face of the dead statesman were visible through the heavy plate glass. Arrangements were made for the crowd to enter at the east end of the building, and after viewing the remains pass out through the west end, there being two lines, one on each side of the coffin. At 11:45 the doors were opened, and apparently an endless procession began, while from the stand above, concealed by plants and evergreens, came the doleful strains of the funeral march. For the first hour about sixty persons a minute passed by the coffin. The guards were instructed to keep the columns moving faster, and during the remainder of the afternoon about eighty viewed the remains every minute. This average was kept up until nearly six o'clock, but instead of the expected diminishing of the crowd on the outside, it continued to increase. It had been originally intended to keep the doors open from noon until 8 o'clock tonight, but long before that time it became evident that other arrangements would have to be made. The streets around the building were blocked with people, and the lines approaching the doors reached several squares away. Accordingly at half past 5 o'clock, it was decided to close the doors until 6, as there was apprehension that in the great rush some accidents might occur, and this arrangement was made known to the crowd. Thousands of them, however, instead of going home remained in line. More than 25,000 persons passed through the building during the afternoon.

The courthouse doors were opened again at six o'clock, with no apparent diminution of the crowd outside, and the mournful procession was continued. Men, women and children, all classes and conditions of society, hurried through at the rate of eighty a minute, and this was kept up until midnight, when the building was closed.

Probably 50,000 persons viewed the remains today. While the courthouse was closed to the crowd, Mrs. Hendricks visited the building and was for some time with the body of her dead husband.

FROM A DISEASED BRAIN.

William Pitt Kellogg Wants Him to Succeed Hendricks.

CHICAGO, November 29.—"I think John A. Logan will be elected president of the United States senate," said the Hon. William Pitt Kellogg at the Grand Pacific hotel. "General Logan was unanimously nominated for the vice-presidency by his party last year, and came very near being elected. If the southern republicans had been allowed to vote he would have been elected. In fact he was elected, and the frauds in New York and the south kept him out of the office.

"General Logan is an old member of the senate, entering now upon his third term. He was an old member of the house before that. When the senate was organized last March General Logan was fighting for his re-election to that body in Springfield, and he was not put on any of the standing committees. His election to the presidency of the senate would not disorganize these committees. He was chairman of the committee on military affairs, which was given to Senator Sewell, of New Jersey. General Logan wanted that chairmanship, and by common courtesy is entitled to it. General Logan is an old soldier and a prominent military man.

"At the last election he sought the place to which Mr. Hendricks was elected, and received the support of his party for it. Mr. Hendricks is dead, and the man who came so nearly being elected to the position now vacant ought to have it. I think this view of the matter will strike the average mind as a natural and logical one. No one will be more ready to see the appropriateness of General Logan's election than Senator Edmunds, and I believe he will nominate the Illinois senator for the place."

Catholic Condolence for Hendricks.

AUGUSTA, Ga., November 29.—At a meeting of the Sacred Heart church tonight, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we are profoundly grieved at the death of Vice-President Hendricks, who was one of the ablest advocates of civil and religious liberty that this country has ever produced.

Resolved, That as a friend and defender of liberty and free government, he never was surpassed in the history of our country.

Resolved, That we mourn with the nation in this great public loss, and that we deeply sympathize with Mrs. Hendricks in her irreparable calamity in the sudden and unexpected death of her beloved and illustrious husband, whose memory will never die to those who love civil and religious liberty and republican government as exemplified in these United States.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

The Disasters at Sea, and the Work Done—A Good Showing.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—The annual report of the superintendent of the Life Saving service shows the number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of the station operations during the year was 256. There were on board these vessels 2,206 persons, of whom 2,196 were saved and only 10 lost. The number of ship-wrecked persons who received succor at the stations was 568, to whom 1,686 days relief in the aggregate was afforded. The estimated value of the vessels involved in these disasters was $3,519,550, and cargoes $1,084,905, total value of property imperilled $4,604,455. Of this amount $3,352,760 was saved, and $1,251,695 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was fifty-six. The following table gives a summary of statistics of the service from introduction of the present system in 1871 to the close of the fiscal year. The loss of the life stations below includes 183 lost at the wrecks of the Huron and the Metropolis, which are really not chargeable to the service. The total number of disasters was 2,918; the total value of property involved $51,763,694; the total value of property saved was $36,277,929; the total value of property lost $15,485,765; the total number of persons saved 25,693; the total number of persons lost 457; the total number of persons succored at stations, 4,829; the total number of days succor afforded, 13,313. Deducting from the number of lives lost given above, the loss at the wrecks of the "Huron" and the "Metropolis," there is presented a remarkable exhibit of only 274 lost within the scope of the service during the fourteen years embraced by the table.

Mr. Brown's Appointment.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., November 29.—[Special.] Mr. L. S. Brown, formerly general freight and passenger agent of the Georgia Pacific, has been appointed district passenger agent of the Piedmont Air Line, with headquarters at Washington city. Birmingham regrets to lose such an excellent citizen and able railroad man as Mr. Brown proved himself to be.

The Damaged Cotton Left.

KEY WEST, Fla., November 29.—The steamer Rio Grande, from Galveston, which put in here with fire in the cotton, sailed today for New York, leaving about 250 bales of damaged cotton.

AN IRISH STEW.

THE CALLONITES GROW FURIOUS AGAINST PARNELL.

While the Latter in Turn is Endorsed by an Assemblage of 50,000 People—Mr. Gladstone Predicts a Liberal Triumph Yet—The Funeral of King Alfonso.

LONDON, November 29.—Fifty thousand Parnellites gathered together opposite the vice regal lodge in Dublin today, despite the rain, and pledged their confidence in Parnell. Crowds of youths headed by bands paraded the principal streets, singing "God save Ireland." A row took place opposite the conservative workingmen's clubhouse, in which several windows of the clubhouse were broken by stones.

A meeting of the supporters of Nolan, Parnell's candidate, who is running in opposition to Callan, in Dundalk, was advertised to be held today. Four thousand Callanites assembled and prevented the erection of the platform.

Parnell attempted to speak from a wagonette in the market square, but was howled down. He retired, shouting, "You hired ruffians." A number of fights took place, and Nolan, who also attempted to address the crowd, was hooted and pelted. The Parnellites withdrew to the hotel, where similar scenes were enacted.

Parnell and O'Connor authorize a denial of the report that the Parnellite manifesto had been withdrawn.

MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKS.

Mr. Gladstone, in a speech at Carlisle last night, said that Scotland and Wales would return ten libetals to one conservative. There was plenty room for the most reasonable hope that the liberal cause would triumph.

The standard estimates that the conservatives will have a majority of twenty over the liberals.

ALFONSO IN STATE.

Isabella Places Herself at the Disposal of Christina.

MADRID, November 29.—The body of the late King Alfonso was removed today to the palace of the Escurial. The remains were followed by the royal family, the members of the cabinet and a long procession of nobility and other mourners. The bier was covered with floral wreaths and crowns.

Ex-Queen Isabella has written a letter to Queen Christina, in which she places her influence at Christina's service. The queen has received a declaration to the same effect from the Duke DeMontpensier. Queen Christina was intensely agitated during the ceremony connected with her taking the oath of allegiance to the constitution. The moment the ceremony was over she retired to her apartments hysterical condition.

At a reunion of the moderate republicans, attended by Castellar, it was agreed not to attempt revolution, but to quietly await developments.

The cortes will meet December 27th.

The regiment of Prussian Uhlans, of which King Alfonso was honorary colonel, has sent a wreath to be placed on Alfonso's bier. The German Crown Prince Frederick William also sent a wreath.

ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

British Influence to be Again Made Active in the Country.

LONDON, November 29.—With the improvement of the prospects for the continuance of the conservatives in power, the chances increase for a revival of British activity in Egypt. Preparations are already being made on an extensive scale in both Alexandria and Cairo, under instructions from the London war office, for a new expedition to Dongola, to check the advance of the Mahdi's successors. The indications are that the proposed expedition will be made sufficiently formidable to effectively protect Dongola and the Nubian frontier from the threatened invasions of hostile Arabs. At present the intentions of the war office would seem to be to send out a force of 6,500 men, half English and half Egyptian, and to reinforce this army by the Nile flotilla, comprising about 1,700 British and 1,200 native troops. The river transportation service is now being overhauled, it is thought, for the purpose indicated. The expedition, it is believed, will soon start. The retention of 3,000 British Indian troops at Suakim is taken as an indication of Lord Salisbury's intention, if he remains in power, to reconquer the Soudan.

BULGAR AND SERB.

Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, Captures the City of Pirot.

LONDON, November 29.—A dispatch from Semlin says the shipping and railway companies have been ordered to make preparations for the transportation of 200,000 troops to Servia.

Advices from Sofia state that the Bulgarian government has notified the powers that the Servians, in violation of the armistice, attacked the Bulgarians at Arzer, Palanka.

A Rutstchuk telegram states it is rumored there that a special messenger, bearing dispatches from Queen Victoria to Prince Alexander, is en route to Sofia.

It is rumored that 40,000 troops have been ordered to mobilize in the Temesvar and Pesth districts.

There has been desperate fighting at Pirot. The town was taken and retaken, remaining at last in the hands of the Bulgarians. It is estimated that each side lost 3,000, killed and wounded.

The Indians Growing Hostile.

ST. PAUL, November 23.—The Pioneer Press' Winnipeg special says that the execution of the Indians at Battleford is likely to make trouble. The tribes around there threaten the government. Last night a band of Indians approached very near the fort at Battleford, and fired several shots, two of which passed through the hat and coat of a guard. The country is being scoured for the hostiles, but they have not been found yet.

The Old Historic Mill.

RICHMOND, Va., November 29.—[Special.]—Gallego mills, which were attached for debt yesterday, are among the oldest in the country, the original plant being made 100 years ago. The mills have been destroyed by fire several times, the last time being at the evacuation of Richmond. They were soon rebuilt on a scale of greater magnitude than ever. Their manufacturing capacity reaches 1,200 barrels of flour per day. The entire property is probably now worth over one million dollars.

The Saloons Closed.

CHATTANOOGA, Tennessee, November 29. [Special.]—Today every saloon in the city closed its doors. This is the first instance of a rigid observance of the Sunday law. The moral effect of the Atlanta election and the statement of the mayor that he would impose the full penalty of the law for violation were the causes.

CABLEGRAMS.

John B. Stallo, the new United States minister to Italy, presented his credentials to King Humbert yesterday.

Captain Ralph Allan Gasset, formerly sergeant-at-arms of the house of commons, is dead.

A convention has been signed settling the French claims against Venezuela.

The revolutionists entered Garcia, Mexico, yesterday afternoon, and a fight was expected any moment.

OUT OF THE GROUND.

The Commissioner of Agriculture Has Something to Say.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—The annual report of the commissioner of agriculture states that experiments undertaken with a purpose to check the present enormous waste of sugar, fully one-half, in the milling process, met with highly gratifying results so far as the direct purpose was concerned, ninety-eight per cent of the sugars present in plants subjected to experiments having been secured. An important series of investigations in food adulteration have been commenced. The work has so far been chiefly with butter and honey, but it is proposed to extend it until uniform methods of examination and standards of comparison are established. The commissioner, referring to the request of the American Pharmaceutical association that the commissioner of agriculture take measures for the introduction into cultivation in this country of such of the important foreign medicinal plants as would be adapted to our climate, in order that they might be readily obtainable in a fresh state, and that another industry might be added to our country's resources, says there is no doubt that many of the most important medicinal plants are perfectly adapted to our climate, and could be cultivated in perfection, and it would seem well that means should be taken to give them proper trial. Fears are expressed, he adds, that some of these plants are becoming exterminated in their native stations, and in respect to some of them, as, for instance, the ginseng plant, the time has come when they may probably be made objects of profitable cultivation.

The commissioner describes the results of the work of the microscopical division in the discovery of a method determining counterfeit butter, and in this connection says:

The unparalleled increase the past few years of the manufacture and sale of various compounds of animal fats, vegetable oils and other substances, which are fraudulently represented to the public as butter, threaten the destruction of the legitimate dairy business interests, which are of the largest magnitude, and affect all sections of the country. It is not, he says, competition with dairying that is deprecated, but the simulation of dairy products, the deception of misleading names, the use of impure substances, and the dishonest sale at high rates of products other wise of little value, practices which demoralize the trade, defraud honest industry and deceive the buyer. To protect the public from these deceptive practices, he earnestly recommends the prompt passage of a stringent law by congress to prevent the continuance of this business, except under such regulations as the necessity of the case demands. The enforcement of this law, if thought advisable by congress, should be placed under control of the internal revenue department.

DULY STAMPED AND CANCELED.

The Annual Report of the Third Assistant Postmaster General.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—The annual report of the third assistant postmaster general shows the total postal revenues during the year to be $42,560,843; expenditures, including compensation to Pacific railroads, $40,942,469, leaving the excess of the earnings [illegible] of the service over the gross [illegible] $1,618,374. The estimated gross for the next fiscal year will be $7,443,914; gross receipts $765,114, or 1 per cent less than the year ended June 30th, 1884. A part of the decrease may be attributed to the increase unit of weight on second-class matter from two ounces to four ounces without change in the rate of postage, but a more potent factor was the stagnation of business throughout the country. The amount required for the compensation of postmasters during the year exceeded the amount appropriated by $243,348, which must be provided for in the deficiency appropriation bill, while in the other items there were excesses of appropriations over the expenditures aggregating $1,074,361. The loss that will result from the reduction of postage on second class matter, mailed by publishers, during the next fiscal year is estimated at $1,200,568.

Pickpockets in Pacific Garden Mission.

CHICAGO, November 29.—Peter Maguire and John Scott, both boys, created a disturbance in the Pacific Garden Mission Thursday night by the untimely utterance of such interjections as "rats," "whiskers," at particularly interesting points in the ceremony. During the confusion incident to an attempt by the church militant to put the rascals out, the latter picked the former's pockets of sundry dimes and quarters. Both disturbers are locked up at the Armory.

Another Ginhouse Burned.

HINESVILLE, Ga., November 29.—[Special.]—The ginhouse of Mr. Allen Kennedy, of this county, was burned by an incendiary. The loss was large, as a considerable quantity of cotton was on hand to be ginned. Mr. Kennedy has been very unfortunate in respect to fires. He had his dwelling house burned not long ago, and lost heavily then, and before he could recover from that loss he has had another similar one.

Experimenting With Cocaine.

CHICAGO, November 29.—Dr. Charles D. Bradley was today sent to the asylum a physical and mental wreck from the free use of cocaine. He experimented with it upon his wife and five children until their condition is but little better than his own.

Knocked Down and Bruised.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., November 29.—Mayor Reed and Wharfmaster Charles Kroemer had a street fight today, and the mayor was knocked down and considerably bruised about the face. The difficulty had its origin in politics.

Yellow Fever in Galveston.

GALVESTON, November 29.—Two young men from Vera Cruz went to a hotel here, where it was discovered that they had a mild form of yellow fever. They have been quarantined.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The New York base ball club, now in New Orleans, is going to make a trip to Cuba.

Miss Maggie Looney, a young lady of Ottawa, Ill. has, by the death of a relative in Australia, fallen heir to $25,000.

James C. Ford, a member of the Pendennis club of Louisville, died in the Coleman house, New York, from heart disease, aggravated by dissipation.

John Hall, of Amsterdam, New York, who pushed holes in his wife's face with a redhot iron, received a sentence of only one year in the penitentiary.

Frank H. Beers, a letter-carrier, was discharged yesterday by Postmaster Judd, of Chicago, for having made disgraceful remarks about the late vice-president.

Erskine M. Ross, the youngest of the seven supreme court judges of California, will resign his position on January 1. He is a popular judge and has been re-elected twice in three years.

Frank E. Stark, the theatrical advance agent whose home is in Cincinnatti, died of consumption at the home of his uncle, Dr. J. B. Book, in Detroit. His remains were sent to Cincinnatti last night.

Van Bartram, aged twenty-one, and Green Kirk, aged nineteen, rivals for the affections of a girl in Cattlesburg, Ky., quarrelled Wednesday. Bartram stabbed Kirk, who died of his wounds on Thursday. Bartram has not been arrested.

The wife of Ben Turner, a negro in New Orleans, had reason to believe he was too intimate with Annie Bressey. She packed his trunk and sent it to Annie with a note saying that as she had her husband she might as well have his clothes. Annie retaliated by having Mrs. Turner arrested for insult and abuse. Ben tried to secure his wife's release and failing went to Bressy's house to find out the cause of the quarrel. Annie's husband, Amos, was home and he induced Ben to leave the house to prevent trouble. Bressy followed into the street when a quarrel ensued in which the injured husband received six or seven stabs with a knife, any one of which was fatal. Turner was arrested.

TOLD FROM TEXAS.

A SHERIFF HAS SOME QUEER EXPERIENCES.

Called From a Protracted Meeting to a Sudden Death and a Lynching—A Cattle Thief Comes to a Tragic End—The Novel Verdict Rendered by a Coroner's Jury.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., November 29.—The night was very dark, and the cracks in the little cabin, through which a cat might have been thrown without touching a hair, gave free ingress and egress to that nastiest of Texas products, a norther. Through the rifts in the roof the stars blinked cheerily, and occasionally light clouds drifted by them, like flakes of wool hurled over the housetop. There was a big blaze in the mud-daubed fire-place, three tincups and a plug of tobacco on the crazy table, a beneficent jug, with a corn-cob stopper, standing stoutly on the hearth, and three clay pipes alight and showing redly in the semi-dark. The deputy sheriff sat with his chair tilted against the wall and his knees tucked under his chin. He was a small, dark young fellow, with bright black eyes and a loosely hung jaw. His pipe was held stiffly in one hand, and treated with the reverend respect due to a supreme solace, but his other hand was unoccupied, and waved solemnly up and down, or flickered excitedly as he told his harrowing tale. Nobody had offered him any inducement to do so, but he had been perforce silent, while Robertson gave us an alleged song, and it had worried him.

"When I was in Dimmitt county," he prefaced, in his quick, eager tones, "I was workin' for as game a man an' good a sheriff as the state can show. I got a fair whack on the office and made lots of money. I rode with the girls, an' I attended meetin' regular. I was looked on as an exemplary young feller, and when the quarterly baptizin's come round the sisters all looked to see me ducked. I got away from the sky pilots by the skin of my teeth. If I had staid there they had a foreclosed mortgage on my young soul, but I moved out. I don't mind sayin' I had to. Fill high the flowgrowler and I'll give it to you straight.

A SUDDEN SUMMONS FROM MEETIN'.

"It was a Sunday evening, an' I had gone up to the arbor, that old dusty for a church, with my very best girl. There was a protracted meetin' goin' on, and had been for a week. There was a high state of religious excitement in town, an' it was much as a man's life was worth to say 'durn' out loud. My ol' boss he was on the front bench with a holiness smile an' two guns in his pants. I took a back seat, me an' my girl did, for we did not want to catch that preacher's eye and call down endless buckets of damnation on our young heads. They lined out, 'The Dyin' Thief Rejoiced to See,' an' I sailed in, me an' my girl did. I see a young feller ride up to the arbor an' hitch. He came straddlin' up to the sheriff with his legs wide open an' wet with sweat. He went down in his shirt, reached out a long piece of paper an' give it to the sheriff. He got up, looked round at me an' started out to the office. I knew that somehin' was up, an' I followed him straight. When we got down there he turned to me, my boss did, an' he said:

"'You got two mules and a buggy, don't you? Well, you must go down to Pena creek, an' get that John Chisolm an' bring him down here an' lock him up. I've got a warrant here for his arrest for murder committed more'n five year ago now, an' you just hustle.'

"Well, this here Chisolm was a mighty bad man. He was a common thief by nature an' a murderer from habit. He was a big, slashin' six-foot feller, with big blue eyes and black hair. He was a able rider, an' knew the brush better'n anybody. He was known to be a shootist, an' you can bet there weren't anybody hankerin' for the job of bringin' him in. It was three o'clock in the evenin', and time was gettin' short. Chisolm lived fifteen miles west of town, straight across the prairie, about a mile an' a half to the left of the big Eagle Pass road. I tackled one man an' I tackled another, an' they was all busy. I got mad an' had just made up my mind to go up to the Pendencia and shoot Chisolm an' say he had got away, when Blaze Hooper allowed as he were willin' to ride an' was lookin' for fun, an' we loped out of town together. We went by the arbor an' I glanced at Paulina Dipps an' got ready to smile, an' I see that Jeems Wilson a settin' by her an' yowlin' from the same book, an' I stuck my spurs into old Paint till he bellered.

CHISOLM'S CAPTURE.

"We fetched Chisolm's house just a little before sundown. The ol' man an' ol' woman was at home, but John he weren't nowheres around. I asked for him, an' his ol' harridan of a mother she says as how John was off drivin' cattle an' wouldn't be back for a week. I felt a mind to tell her she was assault and batterin' the truth, when I hear hoofs down the road an' John Chisolm come a-trottin' round the bend. When he see me he kinder straightened up in his saddle an' his arm dropped towards the Winchester swung to his pommel. He were a very handy man. He came along, however, an' when he rid up I showed him the warrant, an' Blaze sidled up with his six shooter, an' we had him.

"'Look ahere,' says he, hadacious an' smart, 'you folks down to the courthouse has been tryin' to lay me out for many months, an' I ain't agoin' to trust myself 'mongst no such lot without I carry my friends here,' an' he patted his weapons.

"I told him as how prisoners weren't generally allowed to carry arms. 'Howsomever, John,' says I, 'I don't think you want to shoot me, an' if you think there's any danger of anybody down to the courthouse tryin' to do you up, why, you're welcome to your guns.

"John he turned an' give the ol' man some directions about what he wanted done with stock. His ol' mother come runnin' out and caught hold of his leg an' patted it, but he kinder jerked loose an' we rode off. The last I see of that ol' woman, she were standin' in the middle of the road, shadin' her eyes with her hand an' lookin' after us. Two or three chickens was peckin' round, an' a lazy good-for-nothin' ranch dog begin to barkin' and cavortin' about the door. That Pendencia is a pretty big settlement an' they were all rustlers. We had to pass through the middle of it, an' Chisolm had to stop first at one house an' then another, an' whisper to the men inside. I didn't half like the looks of it. It was gittin' late, an' I lit out into a hard ride. We went down the big plain road, Chisolm on my left an' Hooper about ten paces in front. We was all ridin' pretty good horses. When we had left some five mile behind us, Chisolm sorter plucked up his spirit, an' we begin to sing an' swap lies.

A NERVOUS PRISONER.

"I noticed that he was kinder nervous, an' kept squintin ahead of him an' at the bushes on each side of the road, but I paid no attention to it. We went straight ahead, an' when we reached Pena Creek, five mile from town, we stopped an' give our horses a restin' spell. When they had drunk enough we started on. As we reached the top of the divide and started down the long slope, Chisolm turned an' sung out, 'now, make 'em pick up four feet where they put down two,' an' we went clatterin' down the grade. The road on either hand was lined with mesquite so thick that a rabbit could hardly squeeze through it. The cactus grew tall and rank among it, reachin' half way to its top. It was a cloudy night, no moon, and a heavy wind was blowin' square in our faces.

"'I'm hungry" said Chisolm.

"'All right, my boy,' says I. 'When we get to town we'll go to Burt's store an' get some sardines an' crackers.'

"Leanin' over in his saddle John turned to me an' says he, 'You know, Bob, that I've been what they call a bad man. I have killed, an' as for cattle-steelin' I've just seen things knocked, but I never did half what was laid to me, for every hoof an' horn that were missed in this country were charged to me.'

"'I know it, John,' says I. 'You ain't half as bad a man as people say; not half as bad as you'd like to make out.'

"Some how or 'nother, there was a queer feelin' came over me. I didn't know what it was, but I turned an' looked at Chisolm. We was within three miles of town, an' had settled down to a jog trot. He was a-leanin' forward in his saddle, with his hands in front of him, lookin' down at them. Blaze was moseyin' along in front, one leg crossed over his pommel, whistlin' some durned Methody tune or 'nuther. The wind come in our faces a-zip-zippin', an' the tough mesquite bent an' sung under its stroke.

AN ABRUPT HALT AND SUDDEN DEATH.

"'Halt! D—n you, hold up there!'

"I looked behind, an' the road were full of men and trampin' horses. Men think quick in them kind of places. I didn't know whether they was friends of Chisolm's come to rescue him, or people bent on killin' him. I was willin' to give him a dog's show, however, and I wheeled my horse across the road, intendin' to let them ride over me an' give him a chance to get clear. They had, broad hats on an' handkerchiefs tied over their faces, with holes cut in them to see through. Chisolm had never attempted to run. He stopped his horse just after I did. I don't think his hand ever got to his gun. He just had no time to do nothin'. The head man, on a big white horse, passed me at full speed, an', as he jerked him to his haunches, threw his six-shooter down on Chisolm at three feet distance an' fired. John had turned, I think, to yell at him and the bullet struck him fair in the mouth, an', passin' through, broke his neck at the base of the skull. He went back sideways from his saddle, a dead man. I had jerked my horse to the side of the road, an' they trampled round him, firin' down at him. It went through me to see 'em butcherin' a pore harmless corpse, an' I hollered at 'em. With a rush the whole gang made for me. Heavens! how old Paint hummed along. I went down the road twenty yards in advance, maybe, an' the lynchers firin' at me at every jump. The prickly pears on the edge of the road flew right on' left struck by the flyin' hoofs of my horse. They give it up in about 300 yards, an' I circled through the brush an' went down to town.

"Blaze had lit out when the murder begun, an' when I got there the town was in a furor. Blaze had rushed down to the arbor where the night meetin' was goin' on, an' yelled out that Chisolm an' me was both killed; when he last see me I was doin' my best surrounded by a blaze of fire. The sheriff jumped up, an' summoned a posse. The women an' girls screamed, an' half of 'em fainted an' fell under the benches. Paulina's mother got down an' prayed the Lord to be good to my sin

THE NEWS IN MACON.

RECORD OF YESTERDAY'S EVENTS IN THE CENTRAL CITY.

A Young Man Accidentally Killed by a Negro in Wilkinson County—An Exciting Runaway on Second Street—The Great Organ for the New Baptist Church—Brief Mention.

MACON, November 29.—[Special.]—Master Frank Burke, the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. J. F. Burke, of Wilkinson county, was accidentally shot on his father's plantation on Friday last, while out hunting with one of the negro hands on the place. While the negro was loading his gun it was accidentally discharged and the load entered young Burke's stomach. He lingered until yesterday afternoon, when he died. Last night parties came to the city and procured a coffin from Messrs. Wood & Bond. The negro deeply regrets the occurrence, and as soon as the shooting occurred he took the young man in his arms and bore him to the house.

An Exciting Runaway.

MACON, November 29.—[Special.]—At four o'clock this afternoon considerable excitement was created by a runaway horse, belonging to Mr. J. F. Hurd, who had been his owner only about twenty-four hours, having purchased him on yesterday from Henry Hammond, a well-known colored man. Mr. Hurd had gone out to the knitting factory in a two-wheel buggy, and had left the horse in charge of a small negro boy. A passing vehicle frightened the animal and he ran away. After leaving the knitting mills he ran into Second street, where he took the sidewalk and kept it until he reached the old Telegraph and Messenger building, corner Second and Cherry street, where he took the middle of the street. In turning from Second into Mulberry street he collided with a city hack, completely demolishing the already badly damaged buggy to which he was attached. He then ran to the ladies' entrance of the Lanier house, where he stopped of his own accord.

"A New Church Organ, Sue."

A HANDSOME INSTRUMENT ORDERED FOR THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

MACON, November 29.—[Special.]—The new organ for the First Baptist church, which is now almost completed, has been ordered through Messrs. J. W. Burke & Co. It will be of the celebrated Pilcher make, and will be very handsome. It will be made to order, and will be ready for placing in the church about the first of April next. The manufacturer has agreed to be here in person, and will give his attention to the putting up of the instrument. While services are now being held regularly in the basement or lecture room of the church, the upper portion of the building is in an unfinished condition, but the work is progressing rapidly, and it is expected that the main auditorium will be ready to be used before a great while.

The Academy of Music.

TWO PERFORMANCES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC COMPANY.

MACON, November 29.—On the 9th and 10th of December two entertainments by the Frederick Ward company will be given at the academy of music for the benent of the academy of music company, in order that it may be able to pay off the small indebtedness which now stands against it. The plays to be presented will be "Damon and Pythias" and "Virginius," and a special appeal is made to our people to attend to give their patronage to the purpose mentioned. The company has been unable to meet all its indebtedness in consequence of the fact that some of the subscribers to the stock of the company failed to meet their obligations. The academy of music is not only an [illegible] in the city, and no other city in Georgia can boast of a theatre so complete and elegant. It hoped that every seat in the building will be occupied on the nights mentioned.

Brief Mention.

Yesterday Tom Harris, a colored man employed at the Dixie works, met with an accident by which he lost his left hand. He was attending to a machine called a panel raiser, in connection with which there are two knives. By some means he accidentally brought his hand in contact with one of these knives while it was in motion and cut it so badly that last night Dr. C. H. Hall and Dr. Howard Williams decided to amputate it.

The work of painting the courthouse has been completed. The knights of the bucket and brush have succeeded in giving to the building quite an improved appearance.

Mr. W. H. Barnett, of Atlanta, spent today in the city.

The friends of Mr. John F. Troutman, Jr., will regret to learn that he is ill at his home in Fort Valley. It is hoped that he may soon be able to return to his post of duty behind the Lanier house counter.

MACON, November 29.—[Special.]—Dr. A. S. Moore, who recently purchased the Willingham house, which adjoins the home of his brother, Dr. K. P. Moore, on the hill, has sold his home in Fort Valley to Mr. James H. Anderson, of this place.

Mr. A. B. Small has just made a purchase of eighteen business lots and eighteen residence lots in St. Andrews. An embryo Florida city located on St. Andrews bay, one of the finest and safest harbors on the gulf, and which a company of capitalists propose to develop.

Macon is one of the cities which up to this time has not enjoyed the benefits of weather signals, but private parties in the city are arranging to hoist cold wave flags by which our people will be notified of the approach of cold waves in the future.

Miss Myrtis Everett, who is attending Wesleyan Female college, spent Thanksgiving day with her parents in Fort Valley.

Miss Gertrude Harris, of Wesleyan college, is spending a few days at her home in Fort Valley, and will be present at the marriage of her sister in that place tomorrow night.

Today has been a dark, cloudy, cheerless day. Little Miss Ethel Stewart, who has been confined to her room at the Lanier house, with cold, is much better.

The announcement this morning that the board of trade committee had succeeded in obtaining the amount of stock subscriptions necessary to insuring the building of the Macon and Covington road, and securing the location of the shops in Macon, was a pleasant surprise to every one. Much enthusiasm is beginning to be manifested and the prospect is that Macon will now take a fresh boom.

Judge R. W. Patterson, of the recorder's court, has returned from a visit to Atlanta.

Miss Pauline Lary, of West Point, is on a visit to Mrs. W. F. Lary, on College street.

The anniversary services at the Mulberry street church this morning were extremely interesting. A review of the church work for the past two years was made.

The funeral of Mr. John T. Logan, whose death occurred yesterday, took place from the Vineville church today at two p. m.

The young ladies and gentlemen of the Mulberry Street Methodist church will join in a promise and praise service, on Tuesday evening next, at 7:30 p. m.

A Brave Woman will be the attraction at the opera house tonight.

Over forty thousand bales of cotton have been compressed in Macon this season.

Mr. Joe Emmerson arrived in the city yesterday, accompanied by his accomplished bride, nee Miss Nora Wilburn, of Madison.

Dr. C. J. Toole will leave for Vienna, Dooly county, tomorrow on a business visit.

Mrs. J. L. Fickling has returned from a pleasant visit to Charleston.

At the residence of the bride's mother in East Macon, on Thanksgiving day, Mr. W. O. McCrary and Miss Rosa Anderson were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Ryals, and the young couple are making their home for the present at the home of Mr. Geo. H. McMahon.

The Editor Wants Wood.

From the Carrollton, Ga., Times.

Bring the editorsome wood. His fire is too low this cold weather.

COLUMBUS CHRONICLES.

The Wrong Man Arrested—Social and Personal Events.

COLUMBUS, Ga., November 29.—[Special.]—John T. Rankin, sheriff of Fayette county, Texas, arrived here today for the purpose of identifying John T. Davis, in jail here, and supposed to be the man who stole a horse at LaGrange, Texas. Mr. Rankin says Davis is not the man he wants.

The Milton H. Smith, the new steamer for the People's line, arrived here this afternoon.

The past week has been quite a lively one socially. There have been two or three brilliant entertainments at private residences, and the opera house has been open every night except one.

L'Allegro German club will give a german at the Rankin house Tuesday night.

Miss DuBow, of Nashville, is visiting Miss Florid Wellborn in this city.

Mrs. Dr. T. W. Tuggle, who spent the summer and fall in Kentucky, has returned to the city.

Misses Stella O'Brien, Fannie Epping and Mary Hanserd left for Montgomery yesterday.

Miss Mary McGehee, of Atlanta, is visiting the city, the guest of Mrs. B. T. Hatcher.

Miss Mattie Persons, of Greenville, Ala., is visiting Miss Willie Turner, on Rose Hill.

Miss Lucy Kimbrough, of Talbotton, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned home.

Miss Willie Copeland, of Hamilton, visited the city this week.

AROUND RINGGOLD.

Great Revival--The New Factory--New Improvements.

RINGGOLD, Ga., November 29.—[Special.]—Nestled away in the mountains of north Georgia the thriving little city of Ringgold is almost forgotten by her large and thoughtless sister, Atlanta, until something unusual occurs to bring us into notice. We have just experienced a revival which has made this the most religious town in the state. During the seven weeks of continual meetings there have been something over one hundred converts, besides, several backsliders have renewed their vows, and are now enjoying religion again. The services were conducted at the Methodist church by Revs. Mr. Hughes, Cravens, Thomas, Hillhouse and Cooley. The town is now religious; they have three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, also, one colored church.

There is to be a new factory opened up here next week. The factory will turn out chairs, crates, dishes and baskets. It is supposed that this will give employment to twenty-five or thirty hands. This is the first step in the manufacturing world Ringgold has taken, and if it is successful, we may expect more.

Several new houses are going up. There will be several new ones built next spring. Two new business houses have opened up recently.

There is a lady in the adjoining county, Mrs. W., who has in her possession a valuable relic of revolutionary times. It is a pin which was presented her grandmother by George Washington, who was then a Miss Brown, and afterward married Mr. Belcher, in Boston, May 25, 1793. The breast pin is of oval shape about an inch and a half in circumference and is set with twenty-four valuable diamonds. The stones are worth about twenty-five dollars each. There is no doubt about the history of the pin as it has been given to each successive generation by their ancestors in remembrance of George Washington.

Miss Maggie Whitman is visiting friends in Chattanooga.

Miss Lelia Fowler has gone to the country to spend a few days.

Mrs. T. P. Haggard, of Dayton, Tenn., is visiting her father, W. H. H. Clark, of this city.

A Happy Event.

From the West Point, Ga., Press.

Twenty-five years ago, in the then quiet little town of LaFayette, occurred a happy union of hands and hearts, which was told by the local press in a marriage notice, in substance as follows:

Dr. A. W. Griggs, of West Point, and Miss Lois A. McCants, of LaFayette, were married at the residence of the bride's mother, in this place, on Wednesday. (November 27th, 1860.) Rev. John Bledsoe spoke the mystic words that united the destinies of two loving hearts. Many friends of the happy couple join us in wishing them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

Twenty-five years have passed since the above notice was first given as news to the public, and according to a time-honored custom the hour for the celebration of the silver wedding has rolled around and been duly observed.

Last night the residence of Dr. Griggs was indeed a scene to pleasure and happiness. In response to invitations a large number of friends were there assembled to witness and participate in the silver wedding. For more than thirty years Dr. Griggs has been a physician of high standing in West Point, and during that time he has so demeaned himself as to weave the strongest chords of friendship—binding him to the people of this community; and the doctor, as was evidenced last night, made no mistake a quarter of a century ago, when he took unto himself a companion—but selected one who at once took and held a warm place in the affections of the doctor's friends. The presents for the happy couple were all very nice—some elegant, indeed, and the pleasure that beamed in the faces of the recipients gave ample proof that they were highly appreciated. The celebration was a most pleasant affair—one that will long be remembered. Like all real enjoyable affairs there was no set programme but an elegan, supper, spicy toasts and speeches, congratulations and good wishes mingled, and caused all to experience an evening of unalloyed happiness.

THE WAY THE CROPS GROW.

Mr. J. E. Paullain, near Fort Gaines, has cleared $300 on a two mule farm.

The potato crop of Talbot county is the largest for years. Potatoes are selling at twenty-five to thirty cents per bushel.

Mr. N. Johnson, Whitfield county, killed a hog a few days ago which weighed 425 pounds. Mr. J. H. Kenner also killed one on Monday that weighed 389½.

Mr. J. C. Burke, of Screven, will make ten barrels of syrup this season together with plenty of corn, cotton, peas and potatoes. Nobody will be hungry on his plantation next year.

Mr. John Vaughn, of Dooly, ploughed a jack this year and made a splendid crop, much more than a good many did ploughing mules and horses. Besides cotton, corn, peas, etc., he made about 300 gallons of syrup.

Mr. G. W. W. Stone, jr., the blind farmer, mechanic and politician of Newton county, has made forty-five bales of cotton this year, supervising everything on his farm himself. He is a son of Professor G. W. W. Stone, of Oxford.

Mr. W. P. Wallis, of Putnam county, has ginned and packed twenty-nine bales from thirty acres cultivated with one mule. He will get three more bales. Besides this, Mr. W. has twelve other plow which will make over one hundred bales.

Messrs. Gamage and Rawls, near Montezuma, make an extraordinary exhibit. They have already marketed seventy-five bales of cotton, averaging 527 pounds to the bale, with several more to gin and pack. They have made 300 bushels of corn, with an abundance of peas and oats.

Mr. Jesse R. Horne, of Dooly county, gathered 29¾ bushels of corn per acre this season on 16 acres of land, making 478 bushels on the 16 acres, and on his entire three-horse farm he gathered 70 wagon loads, measuring 16½ bushels to the load.

Mr. E. S. Horton, of Taylor county, in one and three-quarter acres of land planted in cane, after bedding 1,500 stalks of cane for seed, made 750 gallons of excellent syrup. This syrup at fifty cents per gallon would amount to $375. Besides this, Mr. horton has made a fine crop of corn and cotton.

The best yield of cotton in Houston this year is that of Mr. E. F. Davis, who runs a one-horse farm. From this farm he has gathered 18 bales of cotton, besides 75 bushels corn and a sufficiency of peas, potatoes, hogs, etc. The cotton has all been sold to Mr. William Brunson; and averaged 467½ pounds per bale.

Mr. R. A. White, who lives just out of the corporate limits of Chipley, is one of Harris county's best farmers. With four hands he made six hundred bushels of oats, nine hundred bushels of corn, twenty-five or thirty bales of cotton and one hundred gallons of syrup. He made so many potatoes that he turned his hogs in one patch without digging any. Mr. White says he paid out for hire $14 besides what these four hands did.

LIFE IN GEORGIA.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INTELLIGENT CANADIAN.

Colonel Leaveworth, of St. Catherines, Settles in Spalding County, and Writes to His Friends of the Good Things He Has Found in Georgia—An Interesting Narrative.

GRIFFIN, Ga., November 29.—[Special.]—Some years ago Colonel Leavenworth, an ex-editor of St. Catherines, Canada, bought land in Spalding county, and went into the vineyard business, in which he has met with great success. In a letter to a Canadian friend, which he permitted your correspondent to read, he writes:

THE DRIFT OF POPULATION.

"I must confess that this is a wonderful country in many respects, and a northern man finds much that is new to him here. Very little attention is given in the north to the great advantages this country can justly claim, over that of any other section in the United States. These are high sounding words, but I think, nevertheless, true. People have been blinded in their craze to go west by the giant exertions and well-executed schemes of land speculators and railway enterprises, to sell their extensive tracts of land through which their road may pass. By extensive advertising and establishing agencies in all seaport towns and large cities throughout the country, with fee fare to the purchaser of a farm, they have well nigh monopolized the total emigration from the old world, while I understand the south has done comparatively uothing, or made but little effort to direct the great flow of emigration to her inviting borders, to her countless fertile plantations that have for so many years laid vacant and tenantless for the lack of an applicant. They seem to forget this is an old settled country, with all its advantages of churches, schools and colleges already established, good railways, good government, and a law-abiding people; good society, and a climate that is impossible to surpass; while in the far off west and northwest, to which the great tide of emigration has been steadily directed, the bleak winds, as they come sweeping over those extensive plains, brings many hardships and privations that must be endured by the new settler, that never reaches the ear of the civilized world. The general aspect of the country in those remote settlements is lonely and dreary, destitute of the ever-varying and charming hills and dales of Georgia, with its many fountains of pure running brooks and extensive forests, which always gladden the eye and cheer the heart of the weary traveller or intelligent tourist. While at the far west it is almost one continuous and monotonous plain, quite isolated from intelligent society, and entirely destitute of so many of the comforts and pleasures of civilized life. Many of those who have hastily settled themselves in this much-lauded western country, especially the more intelligent class of Americans, are getting heartily sick of its drouths and its cyclones, its blizzards and its agues, and are finding a happier and more contented home in this country, where the apple, the grape and the peach will grow to perfection, and remunerate the vine-dresser even beyond his reasonable expectations.

SETTLING IN GEORGIA.

"The other day an extensive fruit-grower of Missouri, hearing of our beautiful climate and well adapted location for fruit-raising, with its handy markets, certain crops and fair prices, came here to satisfy himself on these points, and was so well pleased with the prospect and delighted with the country, that he decided to remain, and has purchased 170 acres, which are now being covered with the best of fruit. Another nurseryman and orchardist of considerable note, a Mr. Husted, from the state of Michigan, was induced to settle among us by a mere chance, as it were. Two years ago he and his estimable lady were on their way to Florida for the benefit of their health, his lungs having become affected, and having originated several new and valuable peaches, was anxious to test them here. After distributing them around and remaining a few days, his health began to improve, and he at once settled here.

"The land is rapidly advancing in price, and though much of it may be called wornout, can easily be made very fertile. This is not a wheat or grain country, or even a grass country, although good crops may be raised of either of these when rightly managed, but there are various other products better adapted to the climate, which may be made to pay and are now paying well, such as sweet potatoes, peanuts, early peaches and grapes and other fruits. Even the raising of cotton, which has proved rather unremunerative of late years owing to low prices, will pay a handsome profit when the land is brought into a better state of fertility by the liberal application of commercial manures, applied with a scientific knowledge of the requirements of the soil. But this is seldom done for the reason that the great mass of the people are poor, and have not the means, and in many cases even the knowledge to undertake profitable farming. This state of things, however, is now being changed for the better, and the requisite knowledge for what may be termed intensive farming is now being extensively diffused. The progress in this direction will be slow, however, until more capital and enterprise are introduced; and I would say to my friends in Canada and elsewhere, that I am confident there is not a better opening in any section of the United States for enterprising and sensible men, with steady habits, industry and capital to some extent than right here in middle Georgia. A little capital, however, is essential to success, as in most other countries, but here especially, there being no demand for more unskilled labor than we already possess—having a surplus of negroes who generally make good and profitable hands when intelligently directed.

IMPORTING FOODSTUFFS.

"Strange as it may appear, corn and flour, pork and beef, mules, horses, and even hay to feed them with are largely imported into Georgia from the north and west—even chickens and butter. Milk also sells at an exorbitant price—just double what it commands with you. I might enumerate an extensive list of the articles imported every day into this state from northern and western markets, which might just as well be raised or produced here, to the great benefit of its people, but will mention only a few of the most prominent or glaring inconsistencies. Agricultural inaplements of all kinds, wagons and buggies, made in northern factories find profitable and ready sale here. Canned and evaporated fruits, and fruits in their natural state, especially apples, northern potatoes and onions all the way from the New England states, celery, turnips, etc., from Missouri, by the car-load. Tobacco, snuff and whisky from Kentucky and Tennessee (which I would not care to see produced in any country) can frequently be seen in large shipments at our railway depots. Only the other day, chancing to pass by a commission house, I noticed before the door a couple of carts highly piled up with nothing but snuff, all done up in small tins to be sent to retail dealers for the use of the ladies of Georgia!—enough, I should think, to supply the whole of Canada for twenty-five or fifty years.

"Who can wonder, then, when I tell you that the southern people, taken as a whole, are poor. The wonder is that they do exist at all, for I am sure did Canadians make as little effort to to better their condition as many I have seen in this country, we would long since have had to "give up the ship." And had not the south so many superior natural advantages over Canada, she could not have held out."

Dr. Gwinn Called to La Grange.

LA GRANGE, Ga., November 29.—[Special.]—Rev. D. W. Gwinn was today unanimously chosen pastor of the Baptist church for the ensuing year, and it is believed that he will accept the call, though he had not been previously consulted. Dr. Gwinn is at present a professor in the seminary at Botetourt Springs, Va.

Deaths in Georgia.

HINESVILLE, Ga., November 29.—[Special.] Died on the evening of the 27th, at seven o'clock, at her residence near Hinesville, Liberty county, Ga., Mrs. Sarah Fraser, in the 90th year of her age. She was one of the oldest citizens of southern Georgia, and had resided at the home where she died for about a half century.

LAND OF THE UCHEES.

Scenes and Incidents of Childhood By-Gone Days.

M. M. Folsom in Americus, Ga., Recorder.

Bright waters are dancing, and glinting and glancing,
A vision of loveliness, fair and ent rancing;
Warm sunlight is flooding—
The shadows eluding—
Green ceves where the silence of ages lies brooding.

By banks of green rushes,
Wild brambles and brushes,
The brown current want only gurgles and gushes,
Now seeking, now hiding,
Now coaxing, now chiding,
Thro' meadows and jungles fair Uchee is gliding.

By the banks of the stream which takes its name from the circumstance lived the Uchee Indians, a sub-tribe of the great Creek nation. They had quite a town just above Tazewell and several straggling villages up and down the creek. By clearing away the underbrush, leaving the larger timber standing, they were enabled to raise fine crops of maize, pumpkins and other products which served to supply the simple wants of these children of the woods. Then the splendid hunting grounds furnished them with an abundance of game, and so they had a snug little paradise here of their own. But the time came for them to abandon the land of their fathers and seek new homes in the far west, and the whites stepped in and parcelled out the land among themselves.

In the early part of the present century General Floyd marked out "a route" from Fort Hawkins, now Macon, westward to Columbus. This was calied the Federal road, and crossed the Flint at Colonel Crowell's ferry. Thence westward by old Horrie, where it crossed Cedar creek, and then to Fort Perry, near where Thorntonville now is. There was a large fort originally built there, on the dividing ridge between the headwaters of Whitewater and Cedar, flowing east, and Juniper, flowing west. The land in the vicinity is much broken. At a point three miles east of the first fort, another smaller one was built, and near its ancient site there is a bold bluff, overlooking a deep ravine, and one standing on that bluff has a chance of enjoying one of the finest views in the state. Away toward the northward, with a foreground of pine-wooded hills and deep green valleys, rise the snow-white spires of Talbottom with the dark shadow of Pine mountain looming against the hazy sky in the background. As far as the eye can reach, on either hand, stretch away the everlasting hills in all the grandeur of their indescribable majesty.

Traces of the old federal road still exist, the blazes sunken in the bodies of the old trees and the ancient ruts and gullies indicating where the stage wheels ran in the olden times. At Thorntonville, in a little strip of very fertile red, level land, lived "Fort Perry Billie" Wells. There was another Billie, called "Uncle Billie" Wells. There was a stage stand at "Fort Perry" Billie's residence. It is all historic ground. Along this same federal road Aaron Burr was carried a prisoner after the failure of his wild scheme of a western empire. Along this lovely road the distinguished schemer rode in a sort of dazed, unrealizing state of mind, like the great Napoleon when he turned his back on the fatal field of Waterloo.

Mid haunts of his youth now a stranger he roams—
The desolate wastes where his tribe made their homes.
No more shall he list to the barbaric srain,
Nor dance to the dusky-eyed maidens' refrain.
And only in slumbers may bear as of yore
His share of debate in the council once more.
But still near these long-cherished scenes he remains—
A weird fascination his being enchains.
A pitiful pensiveness shadows his face;
A vagabond, homeless, the last of his race?
Of friends, kindred, country and all he's bereft—
The graves of his fathers are all he has left,

Chofee was a stalwart young warrior of the Uchee tribe. Six feet in his moccasins, strong of limb, with haughty air and lofty mien, he was the beau ideal of an Indian warrior. But he loved a dusky maiden whose hand was claimed by a rival. The girl's father, who was an influential man of the tribe, favored the suit of the rival, he being the scion of another powerful member of the savage nobility. Chofee took his disappointment to heart, and his hollow eyes and haggard cheek betrayed his heart sickness. During the progress of the negotiations regarding the purchase of the territory by the whites, the Indians held a big pow-wow. Chofee drank with the rest, and when his rival, under the influence of the fire water, vauntingly boasted his conquest, Chofee struck him in the face. This was an injury that could be repaired in but one way, a duel, in which one or the other must perish. The two warriors retired to a lovely glen, shut in on all sides by abrupt cliffs, and there, under the shadow of the dwarf pines, they engaged in mortal combat. With gleaming knives uplifted, with muscles rigid, and gleaming eyes that flashed with the baleful light of the most bitter hatred, they stood for an instant, each seeking an advantage over his adversary. Chofee made a feint which put his rival on the defensive, and just as he was gathering himself for a lunge at the heart of his antagonist, a wild shriek roused the frightened echoes, and threw the boaster off his guard. The next moment Chofee buried the cruel keen blade of his weapon in the swarthy bosom of his foe, who fell and expired without a groan. Glancing toward the south he beheld the innocent cause of the tragedy standing on the verge of the cliff and gazing in the most horror stricken manner on the bloody scene. His passion was gone, as he realized the terrible consequences of his tragic deed. Looking upward again he beheld the maiden warning him by frantic gesticulations, to fly for his life. Mechanically he turned and dashed through the tangled copse, hastily rinsed the blood from his knife and hands in the clear water of a little stream that traversed the sunless gorge, then clambered up the hill-side toward the north. Reaching the summit he turned to gaze on the form of his lost love for the last time, but instead of the weeping maiden he beheld a half dozen plumed and painted warriors. There was a chorus of wild yells, the whistle of several bullets and with an answering whoop of defiance, Chofee turned and plunged into the lonely solitudes of the pine desert. Several months passed during which time he remained in this secure retreat. When a youth he had learned the names and virtues of various plants, and he now turned his attention to the study of the healing art. When the treaty was finally concluded, and the Uchee Indians took up their long march toward the far west, Chofee remained, taking up his residence with the whites, making Colonel Wells's place his headquarters. He soon became famous as "Chofe, the Injun Doctor," and treated with considerable success, the whites and the blacks on the plantations. He became an inveterate toper, but was not at all vicious. He would sometimes visit Buena Vista and Talbotton, get on a big spree, and on such occasions was often pretty badly used. When sober he was, even up to his death, a man of commanding aspect and cheerful temperament. His medicines are now made the basis of certain proprietary remedies, and his "Chofe root," as it is known in south Georgia, is an invaluable remedy for cholera infantum, and kindred affections. He died some five or six years ago at an advanced age. He was, as near as could be estimated, at least seventy-five years old. He died near old Fort Perry, and sleeps with his fathers in the land of his birth, which is a boon that has been granted to few of his fellows.

A Big Pasture.

From the Hawkinsville, Ga., Dispatch.

Messrs. Joel Gaskin, Daniel Gaskin and Sampson Smith, of Coffee county, have a rail fence eight miles long, enclosing a tract of land embracing seven lots of 490 acres each, or a total of 3,430 acres. This large territory is covered with its original growth of wire-grass, and is used as a pasture for the large flocks of sheep owned by these three gentlemen. While enclosed in this pasture their sheep are protected from the ravages of wild hogs, which are more destructive to the young lambs than any of the birds or animals of prey.

The Dollar of the Liberdads.

From the Conyers, Ga., Farmer.

Mr. J. M. Aycock, of Sheffield, showed us an old Spanish coin one day last week that was made in 1738, 147 years old.

GEORGIA GOSSIP.

THE DAY'S NEWS BRIEFLY CHRONICLED.

The Fiendish Act of an Incendiary—A Cow's Horn Did It—Seventy-five Illegal Voters to be Tried in Hancock County—He Advertises for a Wife—She Keeps the Secret.

The measles are raging in Taliaferro county.

The Gainesville college has now in the neighborhood of 150 students.

Solicitor Howard has seventy-five illegal voters to try in the county court of Hancock.

Rev. J. F. Edens, of Crawfordsville, will accept the pastorship of the Woodville Baptist church next year.

Hon Samuel Barnett left Washington, Ga., for Richmond, Va., this week. He will visit Washington city before his return.

Colonel C. E. Smith will begin the publication of a new newspaper in Washington, in January, to be known as the Chronicle.

The members of the different churches of Conyers, met together on Wednesday, and passed resolutions in regard to the late vice-President Hendricks.

Colonel Ed. Young got out an extra edition of the Greenesboro Herald to inform his readers of the prohibition victory in Atlanta. He secured the news at great cost, and announces that the Herald will always be "abreast of the times."

Last Monday night a house near Mr. W. T. Willingham's, in Oglethorpe county, in which lived John Thomas, colored, was totally destroyed by fire, together with $13 in money and 500 pounds of seed cotton therein. It caught from a spark which fell on the roof.

Mr. B. W. Furlong's sawmill, at Enigma, Brunswick and Western railroad, was destroyed by fire last Saturday night. He at once began negotiation for the Sam Lee mills, at Sniff, in Berrien county, and has just closed the trade. The property brought $14,000. He will at once engage in the manufacture of yellow pine lumber, and will also conduct, in connection therewith, a mercantile business.

The Washington Gazette says: "Dr. J. H. Logan, of Atlanta, was called here this week to see General Toombs. The general's condition has changed but little for the past several weeks, except that he sleeps better. Dr. Logan said there was no reason to believe that death was near. The deepest sympathy is felt for the great Robert Toombs in his long battle with death."

Wm. Nasworthy, charged with murder, has been acquitted in Burke superior court. Nasworthy was overseer on a plantation and had a dispute with one of the negroes under him about some cotton seed. He claimed that the deceased used insulting language to him and was approaching him in a threatening manner, when he shot and killed him, and that a closed pocket knife was found in the hip pocket of the dead man some time after his death.

The Montezuma Record says that Lizzie Griffin, colored, raised a terrible racket in the grand jury room Thursday morning. She was asked to swear what white man was the father of her child, and she told the jury that she would rot in jail before she would divulge the secret. Bailiffs were ordered to take her to jail for contempt and she fought like a tigress. The row disturbed the court, besides testing the muscle of two or three strong men. After spending a few hours in jail she decided to give the whole business away.

At Mr. Pink McCarty's near Snow, in Dooly county last Wednesday, his son, Eugene, who had charge of the engine, put a common cow horn on the end of the band shaft just for the fun of watching its peculiar evolutions and no thought of danger. He went too near the horn while it was making probably two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, and his clothes were caught by the horn, wrenching off his arm and bruising him internally on the breast. He lingered until Friday and was buried Saturday.

The presentments of the Burke county grand jury show that there are twenty-nine white schools in the county with thirty-one teachers, and thirty-eight colored schools with forty-eight teachers and that the funds appropriated for school purposes are sufficient to pay all contracts for this year. They report a balance of $1,921.68 in the county treasury. They express considerable gratification at the growth in taxable property, the books of the tax receiver for this year showing a total valuation of $2,844,751, an increase of $84,656 over last year. The establishment of a pauper farm is recommended. The grand jury also express the conviction that a no fence law will be beneficial.

The Rome Bulletin contains the following: "I want a good wife. I am a farmer or anything else she wants. Any sort of a complexion will do. No difference how high or low she is so she will be true to my five little ones. I have just returned from Arkansas, where my wife died on the 1st day of August, 1884. I prefer a light complected woman, and she MUST have straight hair. I have got my own corn and 75 to 100 bushels of sweet potatoes. I have been wanting to get a good woman, and I will respect one when I find her. This offer will be open for ten days. Address, S. W. Goddard, Rome, Ga." And says: The above notice was given to us by Mr. Goddard in person yesterday, and though it is somewhat unique in form and expressed in a style peculiarly his own, he evidently means business. His pedigree is on file at this office.

Reidsville Enterprise: Mr. Reddish, the young man who was stabbed at Philadelphia High school, this county, a few weeks ago, by one of his school mates, a Mr. Joe Smiley, aged about 15 years, died on the 19th inst. The particulars, as far as we can learn, are about as follows: At noon, the boys were all lying down passing jokes. Reddish was a very dark skinned young man, and Smiley began joking him about being so dark, when Reddish replied that his father was a white man; but if reports were true, that Miles Hall (a mulatto,) was the father of Smiley, whereupon Smiley deliberately plunged his knife in the breast of Reddish. The blade passed entirely through the left lung and penetrated the membrane enclosing the heart. Smiley has not been arrested. The murder of young Reddish makes five homicides committed in this county within about a year, and none of the criminals have ever been brought to justice. How long this state of things will continue we are unable to say, but we think it is getting on to the time when it should be checked.

The Keiffer Pear.

From the Thomasville, Ga., Enterprise.

Mr. L. A. Varnadoe placed on our table Saturday a splendid specimen of this pear, which weighed 12 ounces, and grew on a two year old tree. The Kieffer has been bearing only a few years in this section, and while its good points were apparent, it being a rapid grower, a fine bearer and as thoroughly blight proof as the LeConte, it was thought that the fruit did not ripen nicely. This season, however, they are ripening in fine form, and the flavor is excellent. The fruit is an excellent keeper and will bear keeping for two or three weeks. The Kieffer ripens at a time when the market is bear of pears, and it ought therefore, to command a better price than any other variety. We predict that the Keiffer will prove as profitable to Thomas county as the LeContes.

THE GAME BAG.

From the Conyers, Ga., Farmer.

Mr. C. W. White killed twenty-seven partridges one day this week out of twenty shots.

From the Americus, Ga., Republican.

Bugg Chapman was happy Monday. He killed fifteen wild ducks and a turkey that weighed eighteen pounds. As he had to walk two or three miles, he says his load felt as heavy as a bale of cotton.

From the Oglethorpe, Ga., Echo.

Master Oscar Bray, aged twelve years, son of Mr. T. P. Bray, living near Lexington, about the first of December last, made him a trap and set it to catch rabbits. Up to date he has caught fifty-seven rabbits and two large 'possums therein. Master Oscar certainly starts out to make a model trapper.

From the Early County, Ga., News.

We have heard a deer story during the past few days, which "takes the cake." It is substantially as follows: Several evenings recently a deer came up with Conductor Jones's cows. Mr. John T. Williams, seeing the deer one evening, shot it, but failed to kill it, when it ran off in the direction of the negro Methodist church. He pursued it, however, and succeeded in slaying it.

Miscellaneous.

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—Trains Leave Atlanta Union Depot—
FAST MAIL AND EXPRESS,
8:05 A. M.
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Quickest Route to Points in the Southwest.
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Shortest and Quickest Route to Texas.
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The Science of Life should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. All will benefit all.—London Lancet.
There is no member of society to whom the Science of Life will not be useful, whether parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman—in fact
Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate cases that have baffled the skill of HEALTHY other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully, without an instance of failure. Mention this paper. may4—dly mon wed fri&s

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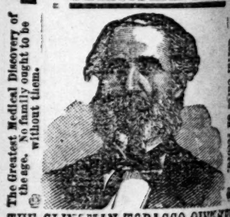

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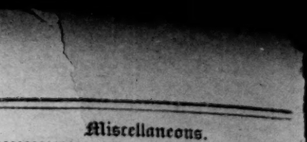

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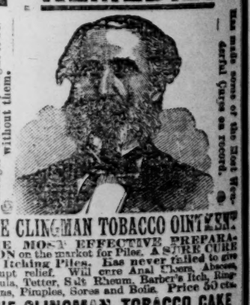
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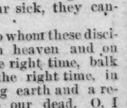
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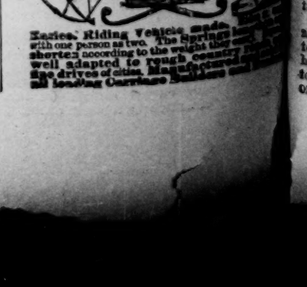

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PREACHED IN BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Dr. Talmage Prescribes "Medicine for All Ills," in His Sermon Yesterday Morning—If You are Oppressed, Slandered, Persecuted, or Tempted, Go and Tell Jesus.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 29.—[Special.] There was a reception at the Brooklyn tabernacle this morning, and the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, its pastor, gave the right hand of fellowship to about fifty new members. The opening hymn was that beginning:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

Dr. Talmage's sermon, on "Medicine for All Ills," was founded on the text: "And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Mathew xiv, 12. Following is the sermon in full:

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman, Herod had ordered the death of that noble self-sacrificing, Christian man, John the Baptist. The disciples were in great trouble. There was no court to which they could make appeal. But grief must have utterance, and if there be no sympathetic ear to hear it, then it must be cried aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear ready to listen. What beauty of pathos and what wonderful picture in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He was ready to listen and He was ready to assuage their grief. We see Christ standing, His own face shadowed with His own sorrow, surrounded by a group of disciples in violent gesticulation, with many tears and with great outcry of woe. Raphael, with skilful hand putting upon the wall of a palace a picture of Bible story, was not so skillful as the plain haud of the evangelist, as he puts upon canvas the sketch of the text: "They went and told Jesus."

The Goths and the Vandals came down from the north of Europe and upset the gardens, and broke down the altars, and swept away everything that was good and beautiful; and ever and anon in the lives of men there are rough-handed despoilers, crusaders who come down to despoil and plunder, and to ransack the soul. No cavern so deeply cleft in the mountain as to allow you shelter from trouble. The foot of the fleetest courser is not swift enough to bear you beyond pursuit. The arrows brought to the string fly with unerring dart, and often you have fallen pierced and stunned.

Now I am this morning to bring a catholicon for all your troubles. I am going to gather all your griefs—I do not care what they are—I am going to gather all your griefs into a bundle, and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription of the text, which healed the sorrows of the disciples, is just as successful a prescription today and will heal all your sorrows.

Now, in the fire place, I commend the behavior of the disciples in the text to those who feel themselves sinful and unpardoned. There comes a time in every man's life when he wakes up to an appreciation of a sinful nature. The thought may not have enough heft to fell him—it may only be like the flash of a cloud at the close of a hot summer day; but the man must somehow get rid of that feeling. One man flies to prayer, another man stimulates himself with ardent spirits; another man dives deeper into secularities. It is not wonderful when a man sees his eternity poised on an uncertainty, that he is determined to do something violent and immediate Now, can it be that there is in all this house this morning one man who is unwilling to have the causes of sin taken from his soul, when the divine surgeon is ready to do the work, and do it successfully? I cannot believe it.

I think the first thing for you to do if you are oppressed, my brother, if you are oppressed with a sense of your sinfulness, is to go and tell Jesus. Why, my friends, that is the business of Christ. He does other things, but I think the great business of Christ is to pardon. To relax the grip of death from your soul, and to plant your unshackled foot on a golden throne. Christ allowed the tortures of the bloody mount to transfix him. With the beam of his own cross he will this morning crush in the door of your dungeon. Out of his own thorny crown he will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear of his wet cheek, in every gash of his wounded side, in every long and blackened mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave-shattering, heaven-storming death cry, I hear the words: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." O what a glorious gospel! What a gospel to preach! What a gospel to hear. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

"Oh," says some man, "why then you propose to cure the wound of sin by making another wound—the wound of conviction." Why, my brother, that is what every physician does, of all schools. The physicians, when they find an old rankling wound, they come with caustic and they burn it out, and then health and restoration come. Here is the old sore of sin, and God comes by His convicting grace, and He burns it out, and the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. Well, there is not a man in the audience but is ready to have that process go on in his soul. He says: "That's reasonable, that's right, that just's what I would suppose, and I mean to have that process in my soul." When, my brother, when? "Oh," you say, "some time." Well, I cannot afford to have you put off the subject in that way, and you cannot afford to put it off in that way. I want to know just when.

I have heard that Alfred, the king, before the invention of timepieces, used to measure the day by three wax candles. Each wax candle would burn eight hours, so that when one candle was consumed, eight hours were gone; two wax candles, sixteen hours were gone; and the third wax candle had been consumed, then the twenty-four hours, the whole day, was gone. Oh, my friends! I wish instead of measuring our days and nights and nights and years on earth by a timepiece, we would measure time by mercies and opportunities, which are burning down and burning out, never to be relighted; lest we wake up with the discomfiture of the foolish virgins and cry: "Our lamps are gone out."

But, in the second place, I commend that behavior of these disciples in the text, to all the tempted. I have heard people say they were never tempted—people who have come to middle that never have been tempted. Oh, my friends, it is because they have never tried to do right. If a man be handcuffed and hobbled and he lie quiet, he does not test the power of the chain or the manacle; but let him once try to rise up and break off the handcuffs and the shackles, then he finds out the power of the chain. If, my dear brother, you do not know the power of temptation, it is because you are bound hand and foot of sin and have never made the attempt to be emancipated.

Why, it is easy enough to go down stream in a boat. You can lie upon your oars. You go just as the tide goes. But suppose you turn around and head up stream, then it is not so easy making progress. As long as you go down with the tide of sin and iniquity, it is easy enough to go that way; but when you turn around and head toward God and heaven, then it is a struggle, an awful struggle.

Can it be that you have never tested the power of temptation? You have one kind of temptation; you, another; you, another. There is not a person in the house but what has been tempted, whether you realize it or not. I never like to hear a man say: "O, I couldn't be tempter the way that man is." He could not be tempted the way you are. A lion cannot understand why a fish should be caught with a hook, and the fish cannot understand why the lion should be caught with a trap. You may be free from certain kinds of temptation, but there are other kinds after you.

You see some men with a phlegmatic temperament. "Why," you say, "that man hasn't any temptations at all." You mistake him. He has temptations to indolence, to censoriousness, to sink down into mere latitude and longitude of fattiness, to lie down on the road of life, to stop great enterprises. He has just as many temptations in one direction as you, being of a nervous and excitable temperament have temptations in another direction.

You will see some aged man arise in a prayer meeting, and at eighty yeart of age he talks so so sweetly of Christ and Heaven, you say: "That man has lived without temptation." Ask him. He has as many temptations at eighty years of ageas he had at twenty. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask that aged man whether he has lived beyond the reach of the powers of darkness in this world, and he will say it has been a conflict all the way through.

Sixtus was a cardinal, and he wanted the pontifical chair, and history says he pretended to be sick and crippled. He said: "Now, if you elect me to that chair, I shall occupy it and I shall not live long anyhow, and then you will put some one else in the chair." He was elected to that position. He moved to it on crutches. Getting to the chair he threw aside the crutches. He said: "While I was hunting for the keys of St. Peter, it was appropriate I stooped; but having found the keys of St. Peter, there is no reason why I should stoop any longer." So his crutches were gone and he was well. Oh, how suggestive of temptation! It seems at one time to be wan and weak and crippled, but give it a throne and it becomes a tyrant to grind your soul into ruin.

Well, now you say: "All persons being tempted, what are we to do when we are assailed of temptation? When the wave dashes against us is there nothing to hold on to? Is a man to go into this war with the world, the flesh and the devil, with no help?" I will tell you, my friends: The wisest thing for you to do in the day of temptation is, like these disciples of my text, to go and tell Jesus. In the eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice that broke the silence of the tomb until the widow of Nain got back her son and stupendous sorrow made up in the arms of rapture—aye in that voice—I hear the command and the promise: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." He knows all about temptation. Tempted in all points like as we are. Go and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend this behavior of the disciples in my text, to all those who are slandered and abused and persecuted. When these disciples saw that Herod had taken the head of John the Baptist, they knew their own heads were not safe. Every John has his Herod. There are people that do not think overmuch of you. Your misfortunes would be honey-comb to them. They hiss at you through their teeth, and misinterpret your actions, and would be glad to see you upset. They would be the most submissive mourners at your funeral.

Every one comes, during the course of life, to be pummelled. Some slander comes at you, horned and tusked and hoofed to trample and to gore you, and you think you are peculiar in that respect. No. "All who live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." If you are able this morning to say: "I haven't an enemy in all the world," it is proof positive you have not done your duty; for when a man does his duty, he challenges all earth and hell, and that challenge will bring against him opposition and scorn and persecution. It is so in all circles of life.

One would have thought that if any man ought to have been free from persecution, it was George Whitfield, bringing great masses of people into the kingdom of God, wearing himself out for Christ's sake; and yet the learned Dr. Johnson called him a mountebank. Robert Hall preached about the glories of heaven as no uninspired man ever preached about them, and it is said when he preached about heaven, his face shone like an angel's, and yet good Christian John Foster writes of Robert Hall, saying: "Robert Hall is a mere actor, and when he talks about heaven, the smile on his face is the reflection of his own vanity." John Wesley stirred all England with reform, and yet he was caricatured by all the small wits of his day. He was pictorialized, history says, on the board fences of London, and everywhere he was the target for the punsters; yet John Wesley stands today before all Christendom, his name mightier than any other name except "the name that is above every other name," the name of Christ. And can you expect to escape hardship and assault and abuse and slander? You will not.

But what are you to do when you are lied about and assaulted? Are you going to hunt up the slanderer? While you are explaining one falsehood there will be fifty people who have just that moment heard of that particular falsehood. While you are not to omit every opportunity of setting yourself right, I want to tell you of One who had the hardest things said about Him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose mission was scoffed, whose companionship was denounced, who was pursued as a babe, spat on as a man, and howled at after He was dead. Go to Him with all the wounds of your soul.

Do not go around trying to crush this falsehood and to crush that slander; you will only come out of the contest irritated and exasperated; but take the counsel of the text. Do as these disciples of the text did—go and tell Jesus. Go into his presence and say: "Lord, I see Thy wounds, the wounds of Thy head, the wounds of Thy feet, the wounds of Thy hand, the wounds of Thy side, and by Thine own wounds I ask Thee to pity mine." Try no longer to carry that burden. Oh, abused soul, go and tell Jesus!

Again I commend the behavior of these disciples to the bereaved. As I stand here Sabbath by Sabbath, and I look off upon this audience, how many signals of mourning do I behold! God has his own way of breaking up the family. The emigration from this world to the next is so vast an enterprise, that God only can conduct it. That emigration from earth to eternity keeps three-fourths of the families of the world in desolation. The child that lay near the mother's heart, is taken to lie in the cold and in the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip and the rose scatters. The boy comes in from the harvest fields of Shunam saying: "My head, my head!" and dies on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedy of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek, and orphange cries in vain for father and for mother.

Sometimes when we have sorrow our friends come in, and they try to sympathize with us to a certain extent; but they cannot understand all the grief. They do as well as they can but they cannot understand it altogether. But, blessed be God! Christ knows. He has been all through the trouble and all around about it. He has counted the tears, and counted the groans, and before the tears started, and before the groans began, he saw the hiding-place of the sorrow. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of our heart. Sorrow of our sorrow. As long as he remembers Lazarus's tomb, he will stand beside us in the cemetery. As long as he remembers his own heartbreaks, he will stand with you in the laceration of your affections. When he forgets his footsore way, and his lonely nights, and his weary mind, and his exhausted body, and his awful cross, and his solemn grave, then will he forget you; but not until then.

Sometimes when we have trouble, our friends are far away from us. We write a letter saying: "Come right away;" or we telegraph to them saying: "Take the next train; come immediately;" but it may take hours, it may take days, before they reach us in our trouble. But I have to tell you this morning of One who is near to help, ever near, near before you, behind you, within you, nearer than the staff on which you lean, nearer than the cup you press to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away the tears. I preach Him, an ever present Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble our friends come and they do all they can for us; but they cannot relieve all the trouble, they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sick, they cannot raise our dead.

Blessed be God! the One to whom these disciples went has all power in heaven and on earth, and he will, at just the right time, balk our calamities; and at just the right time, in the presence of an applauding earth and a resounding heaven, will raise our dead. O, I preach him, an almighty Christ! The last sword will leap from the scabbard of Omnipotence, and the last resource of infinite God be exhausted, before God will allow one of his children to cry for comfort and not get it. I heard of a child who went to sea with her father, a sea captain, and when the first storm came in the midnight the little child awakened and rushed out in great fright, and cried: "Where's father? Where's father?" Then they told her the father was on deck, and that he was guiding the ship, and he was watching the storm, and she said: "Well, if father's on deck, then I'll go to sleep." So she went to sleep.

O! ye who are tossed in the storms of this life, I want to tell you the Lord is guiding the ship; your Father is on deck, and He will bring you through into the harbor. O! ye whose cheeks are wet with the night dew of the grave, ye whose hearts are tried with a sirocco, in the name of a religion which can wipe every tear, and lift every burden, and deliver every captive, and illumine every darkness, I implore you, go and tell Jesus. If you will not, if you try to carry your sins and your burden yourself, I will tell you, my brother, plainly, your life will be a failure, your death will be disaster, and eternity a calamity; but if you will go to Christ with all your sins, and all your sorrows today, your foot will strike the upward path, and the shining messengers who tell above what is done here will make the arches of God resound with the tidings that you have gone to tell Jesus.

Well, I look over this audience and I wonder whether you will carry your own burdens, whether you are going to be so foolhardy as to take the consequences of your own sin, when there is a balm, a balsam, for all wounds, and pardon for all transgressions. Soon you will be gone, and gone forever. You remember how Xerxes felt when he looked at his army—two million men—perhaps the greatest army ever marshalled. Xerxes rode along that army and reviewed it. Two million men! And after he had reviewed the troops he came to a hill, and he looked off upon the great host, and he burst into tears. One of his staff officers expressed surprise that at a time when he ought to be full of exultation and triumph, he should weep; and asked him why he wept. "Oh," he said, "I weep because so soon all this host will be gone." And this morning I look off upon this audience, and I realize that soon you will all be gone—gone from the church, gone from the home circle, gone from business circles, and gone forever. Whither? Whither?

"'Tis not for man to trifle:
Life is brief and sin is here;
Our age is but a falling leaf,
A dropping tear.
Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life be,
That narrow span!"

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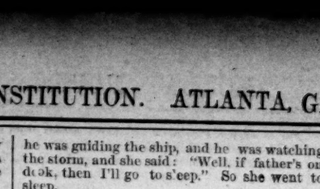
Miscellaneous.



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OFFICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF ROADS & REVENUES,
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN PURSUance of an order of this board, an election for a tax collector of Fulton county, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of W. W. Clayton, late tax collector, will be held at the various election precincts of said county on the 30th day of December, 1885.
The qualified voters at said election will be those appearing on the registration lists made for the recent election under the local option law, held in said county on the 25th day of November, 1885.
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ALL PERSONS HAVING SOLD ANY REAL ESTATE in the city of Atlanta since April 1st, 1885, are requested to notify the city assessors of all changes at once, as it is necessary to have them before making out our books for the ensuing year. We will be at our office daily from 2 to 5 p. m.
T. J. MALONE,
M. T. CASTLEBERRY,
D. A. COOK,
sun wed fri City Assessors.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa,
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.
ALL CREDITORS OF THE ESTATE OF JOSIAH Bradfield late of Fulton county, deceased, are hereby notified to render in their demands to the undersigned according to law, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment.
They may be presented to either myself at La-Grange, Ga., or L. H. Bradfield, 26 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga. T. S. BRADFIELD,
sep26 tu Administrator.

FIFTEEN ACRE TRUCK FARM
Two Miles South of Passenger Depot.
I WILL SELL A BARGAIN IN 15 ACRES OF land on Flat Shoal road ½ mile south of city limits. All well enclosed, lying well, watered by a clear branch and very rich, has 2 acres in orchard, a nice 8 room cottage, 2 room servant house, stable, etc; just the kind of place often inquired for; titles perfect, possession at once; call and see me.
no 22 29 6 3t G. W. ADAIR.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.
ATLANTA, Ga., November 21, 1885.—All persons indebted to the estate of Jane Stewart, late of Fulton county, Ga., and of this city, deceased, are required to make immediate payment to me, and all persons having demands against said estate must present the same, made out and proved, according to law, within the time prescribed by law, else they will be barred S. D. HASLETT,
Executor of the will of said deceased.
1a wk for 4 wks

BARGAIN—PLANTATION FOR SALE, CONsisting 400 acres, 3 miles northeast of Griffin; 250 of which is in a good state of cultivation, with 9 room well finished dwelling house and other outbuildings, and has three settlements for tenants, two fish ponds and about twenty acres in young fruit trees of the best varieties. The location of this place, with prospects of the Midland railroad running through or near it, makes it one of the most desirable farms in middle Georgia. Will sell part or all of it. Address H. Padgett, Cave Springs, Ga. 4m

Help Wanted—Male.
WANTED—TEN FIRST-CLASS PRINTERS AT once to work on city directory. No blacksmiths need apply. Dunlop & Cohen, 13 and 15 E. Hunter street. We make all kinds of rubber stamps.
WANTED—PAINTERS, GOOD BRUSH HANDS on wheels and geers, also a good striper on farm wagons, steady work for the right parties. None but steady hands need to apply at White Hickory wagon works at East Point, Ga.
WANTED—INSTALMENT BOOK CANVASSERS good salary or commission. Apply, 13 North Pryor street. tf
A RELIABLE BOY WHO CAN PROVE GALLEYS and set type can find a situation at the Constitution Job Office.
WANTED—TRAVELING SALESMEN WELL acquainted with the wholesale trade in Georgia and Alabama. Remuneration according to ability. Address D. F. G., this office. 3t

Help Wanted—Female.
WANTED—A LADY COMPETENT TO DO OFF hand sketching. The very best artist to be obtained is what we want. Dunlop & Cohen, 13 and 15 E. Hunter street. We do every class of wood, metal and wax engraving.

Situations Wanted—Female.
WANTED—A POSITION AS TEACHER BY A lady of experience. Teaches English branches, Latin, Higher Mathematics. Reference given and required. Address P O Box 75, Eatonton, Ga. sat tu

Wanted—Miscellaneous.
WANTED—TO BUY 200 SHARES JAMES'S bank stock. L. Snider, 16½ Whitehall. tf
WANTED—YOU TO KNOW THAT WE HAVE the prettiest, most stylish, and best fitting stock of mens' clothing at the lowest prices. Overcoats especially, at figures extremely low. We have the latest style plaids, corkscrew and wide wale worsteds, in straight cut sacks and four-button cutaways, the quality and fit of which we guarantee. Call and see our stock. It will repay you. A. & S. Rosenfeld, 24 Whitehall st.
WANTED—BUSINESS MEN TO SEND SIXTY cents to The Constitution for a book of 100 ironclad mortgage notes, waiving homestead and the garnishment of wages. tf

Boarders Wanted.
BOARDERS WANTED—A LARGE SUNNY ROOM, handsomely furnished, with first-class board at 1. Houston st. Terms reasonable. su thu 3w
BOARD FOR FAMILIES AND COUPLES; ROOMS furnished or not; single rooms for gentlemen. gas and bath. Central. 65 Fairlie street. sat.sun.tues.
GOOD MEALS PLEASANT ROOMS, GOOD BEDS. $4 week. $1 per day. Boyd House, 59 North Broad street. tf

Partners

THE CONSTITUTION.

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION IS PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK, AND IS DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, OR MAILED, POSTAGE FREE, AT $1 PER MONTH, $2.50 FOR THREE MONTHS, OR $10 A YEAR.

THE CONSTITUTION IS FOR SALE ON ALL TRAINS LEADING OUT OF ATLANTA, AND AT NEWS STANDS IN THE PRINCIPAL SOUTHERN CITIES.

ADVERTISING RATES DEPEND ON LOCATION IN THE PAPER, AND WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTAINING IMPORTANT NEWS, SOLICITED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS, AND MAKE ALL DRAFTS OR CHECKS PAYABLE TO

THE CONSTITUTION,
Atlanta, Ga.

ATLANTA, NOVEMBER 30, 1885.

Indications for the South Atlantic States, taken at 1 o'clock a. m.: Generally fair weather; no decided change in temperature; variable winds. East Gulf, fair weather; stationary temperature; variable winds.

MR. GLADSTONE still has hopes that the liberals will secure a majority in the next house of commons. If he would take a hint from the American returning boards, he might meet with success in his desires.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has sent a letter to her daughter-in-law, Christina, promising her all the allegiance and asistance possible. The less the new queen-regent has to do with the old lady the better.

PHILIP CALLAN seems to be the principal thorn in Parnell's flesh. Callan is very popular with his constituents, but owing to his intemperate habits Parnell threw him overboard. Mr. Callan's old constituency, however, clings to him with great fidelity, and makes matters lively for Parnell.

IT has been frequently declared that cocaine is the coming poison from which thousands of week-minded people will die. Yesterday a Chicago doctor, who had been experimenting on himself with it, became a total wreck. He had previously experimented with bad effect upon his wife and five children.

THE commissioner of agriculture has presented his annual report to the president. He reports favorably on the request of the national pharmaceutical association, that the bureau should undertake the propagation of foreign medicinal plants in this country. He also speaks against the manufacture of oleomargerine with the air of a man who has had a taste of the bogus stuff.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has very wisely concluded not to run the risk of a trip to Indianapolis. Mrs. Hendricks, recognizing the danger of such a trip, suggested to the president that his absence from her husband's funeral, in order that all proper precaution should be taken against accident, would please her. Upon learning this, Mr. Cleveland concluded to remain in Washington.

Judicial Blackmail.

The judiciary of New York city appears to be one of those peculiar institutions that can only flourish in an atmosphere of bribery and corruption. We all remember the judges that were in the pay of Jay Gould and Tweed—Barnard, Cardozo and the rest. It was to be hoped that the fate of these worthies would prove a warning to their successors, but it seems that the amount of money they each and severally made has excited the envy and emulation of the judges who took their places, and the result is corruption of the most glaring and offensive kind.

Two stenographers have recently been examined before the state senate investigating committee, and their testimony shows an amount of corruption that is astounding. The stenographers swear that they have been compelled for years to share their salaries with the civil justices in the courts in which they are employed. Half of their salaries were taken from them on the plea that the judges needed the money for elections and other purposes. One reporter swears that he gave Judge Kelly $3,000, and another says he divided his salary with two newspaper men who secured his appointment, with the understanding that the money went into the pockets of the judges.

It is said, moreover, that the judges compel five or six holders of different offices to divide their salaries with them. These facts show a very sad state of affairs. Judicial blackmail is a crime that ought to meet with condign punishment.

The Romance of a Pauper.

In Berlin for many years past an old man with a noble face and a snowy beard has been conspicuous around the studios of all the well-known artists. Everybody knows the old man. He is a professional model. The most famous painters of the age have painted his face and form hundreds of times.

A short time ago the old man married, and the marriage was one of the maddest and most romantic on record. Although a pauper, this artist's model was a nobleman. He came from Hungary, and had a right to bear the title and name of the Baron de Petofy. A beautiful and wealthy young woman of the middle class found him out. She wanted to be a baroness. It was an easy matter to strike a bargain with the old man. He was to marry the young woman, give her his aristocratic name, and then live apart from her and never claim her as his wife. In return he was to receive three pairs of boots a year, and two pounds of coffee and four pounds of sugar a month. The contract was signed, the wedding took place, and the pauper shuffled off to his garret with his boots, coffee and sugar, while the baroness drove away in her glittering carriage.

The Baroness Petofy now reigns as a social star in the European capitals. People believe her to be a widow. The baron still poses for the Berlin artists. Whether he is proud of his beautiful wife or not, nobody knows. For a chapter of every day life, this beats the wildest fancies of the novelists. It is difficult to believe that it happened in Berlin. It is too Frenchy for anything.

The Silver Business.

The organs of the Wall street banks and speculators have been industriously seeking to create a false impression in the public mind in regard to the convention adopted by the Latin monetary union. These organs, by means of fraudulent dispatches, endeavored to create the impression that while silver was to be a full legal tender in the nations composing the Latin union, it was made redeemable in gold. This, of course, was untrue as it is absurd. The clause on which the false information was based, was simply intended to be a means of binding the union more closely to the compact by means of which the legal value of silver is maintained.

This clause provides that whenever any member of the union shall see proper to withdraw its silver, circulating among the other nations composing the union, shall be redeemed in gold. Should the union be dissolved, then silver balances are to be paid in gold. That such a clause is absolutely necessary has been shown by the attitude of Belgium, which threatened for a time to withdraw from the union. Belgium has returned to its senses, and the union is as it was before.

The clause on which the Wall street organs have laid so much stress is intended to strengthen and perpetuate the union, and it will undoubtedly have that effect. The truth of the business is that in the United States, as well as in other parts of the world, the silver question is simply a conflict between the capitalists—the creditor class—and the industrial classes. Fortunately for all concerned, the industrial classes in this country have the power to control the whole matter, and they will control it in the interest of justice and fair dealing. We do not concede that compulsory coinage of silver is the solution of the question, but it is either compulsory or free coinage, and Wall street can take its choice.

JUST at the present John Sherman says he doesn't care to talk about politics. We should suppose not. John has talked about politics until he has driven the republican party into a hole.

HER majesty the queen has a deep and deadly prejudice against Americans. Otherwise she would recall her opera company.

A REPORTER of the Courier-Journal was recently attacked and stabbed by four young men, the sons of rich parents. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the reporter wasn't stabbed by the sons of poor men. Such a thing would have been doubly mortifying.

IF Boston Corbett had been killed by some chance bullet when he poked his gun through a crack and mortally wounded Wilkes Booth it would have been a good thing. Corbett has been living in a cabin on the prairie near Concordia, Kansas, for the past eight years. His nearest neighbor, Frank Martel, recently set fire to the prairie grass and the flames damaged Corbett. At this Corbett got mad and threatened to shoot Martel. As he always carries two pistols Martel thought it best to put him under bonds to keep the peace. A warrant was issued and Corbett was brought before the court. When the judge required bond Corbett drew his pistol and defied the court and officers. The spectators got under the benches and the desperado backed out of the courtroom and rode to his cabin. The sheriff and a posse went to arrest him but Corbett met them at the fence with a shotgun and ordered them to leave. No arrest has been made and the people of Concordia are in a state of mind. Half the citizens want him arrested, and the other half want him let alone.

WHEN Mr. Silas Hayes, of Benton, Ark., eloped the other day with Miss Blonde English, he thought he had done a smart thing. When the newly wedded pair skipped blithely up to their guardian to ask his forgiveness, stern old curmudgeon let into Mr. [illegible] a shotgun charged with mustard [illegible] The bridegroom received the load in his back and was disfigured more than he was damaged. The bride takes it very hard, and expresses the opinion that she married a tattooed man.

THE Popular Science Monthly says, "The negro is no longer a problem." No, he is a prohibitionist with a big P.

THE poet of the Asfaltus, Dr. Oliver Lucas Padman, of Louisville, Ky., sends us the following ode on "Too Much Science." It is brief and to the point:

Sad tidings come across the main,
And mourning fills the heart of Spain;
No wonder they are taking on so—
They've lost their youthful king, Alfonso.

They could have spared some Don or Sig,
But would have saved their royal sprig.
What wonder he came to such a fate—
'Tis said his doctors numbered eight.

THE Boston Herald, when it is not counting the money in the bank of France, is engaged in defending President Cleveland against the alleged attacks of democrats.

THE eight-inch dynamite air gun at Fort Lafayette stretched its sixty feet of barrel seaward Saturday, says the New York Sun, and sent its shells screaming down the bay at irregular intervals all the afternoon. About twelve hundred pounds of air pressure was used, although the gun was gauged for 2,000 pounds. The shells were driven from a mile to a mile and a half. Half a dozen men assisted in loading and firing. Each shell contained ten pounds of dynamite. Before each discharge Lieutenant Zalinsky waved a white flag to the watchers at Fort Hamilton. Then two or three men carefully brought out a dynamite cartridge and charged the gun. After they had gone back out of sight a bell sounded and the next instant, with a hiss and a scream and a cloud of vapor, the projectile left the barrel. One could follow its flight until it reached the water. A dull report and a column of spray told that it had exploded. The range was made short, because the fog would have concealed any vessel that might be at a distant point. The projectile consists of a wooden bar five feet long, which fills the bore of the gun, and to the forward end of which an iron cap containing the explosive is attached. The lighter wood trails behind the iron and gives it a steady course like that of a rocket. Now and then, however, a shell would take its flight, revolving end over end, until it struck the water. The explosion took place all the same, however.

THE meteor showers this month were magnificent in some quarters of the world. At Teheran, Persia, the display was remarkably brilliant. Naples reports a phenomenal shower of stars, and in Athens the spectacle was grand. The old world has enjoyed few finer displays of meteors than those witnessed last week.

AN exchange says that eloping is no joke; but as the exchange is not edited by a woman, it is probable that the exchange doesn't know what it is talking about.

THE hackmen of Indianapolis held a convention and determined to charge $15 for the use of their vehicles on the day of Mr. Hendrick's funeral. The newspapers called on the people to rise in their majesty and walk rather than submit to such extortion. The action of the hackmen came very near causing a riot.

MR. H. A. CRITTENDEN, of Montclair, N. J., offers a cash reward of $500 to any one who will prove that the earth revolves on its axis or moves around the sun. This is a tempting offer and there are doubtless many people who will jump at it. Mr. Crittenden declares that the earth is as flat as a pan-cake, and is motionless in space. It is the business of the sun and moon to revolve, not the earth's, for whose benefit they were established. It is a common saying that money talks, and as the Montclair man has backed his theory with the cash, he will command respectful attention. He has the courage of his convictions, and does not hesitate to say that any man who differs with him in opinion is a crank. This in itself is a convincing way of putting his case. It is the le of argument that wins when great issues are trembling in the balance.

ELITOR HALSTEAD has reached that point of reconstruction where he can afford to publish a Kentuckian novel in his Cincinnati Commercial. And it is Kentuckian, too,—a novel in which the horses cackle and the chickens whicker.

A PROHIBITION war is raging in Jackson, Miss. The liquor dealers have made out a "black list," containing the names of prominent prohibitionists. The purpose of the list is supposed to be the boycotting in a business way of all who aid the prohibition cause. The matter has stirred up a young cyclone in the city. The result of the Atlanta election has given the dry men confidence, and they are pushing the fight vigorously.

SOME of John Sherman's friends are afraid he won't succeed himself in the senate. They say, however, that the defeat of John Sherman would be a kuklux victory.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

There are about 350 packs of hounds, or organized hunts, in England.

DR. MCCOSH declares that within five years he is going to turn Princeton into a full-fledged university.

Cuba Station, Miss., has a peculiar religious sect called "The Holies." They believe in faith cure, etc.

WALKER BLAINE says his father has definitely made up his mind to remain in Augusta during the winter.

THE first girl born in Birmingham, Ala., is in short dresses still, and yet the population of that city is over 21,000.

A NEW YORK correspondent of a Detroit paper makes the announcement that Judge Hilton is to marry Mrs. A. T. Stewart.

Mr. Bradish Johnson has an orange grove below New Orleans with 10,000 boaring trees, yielding 12,000 barrels of the golden fruit annually.

WESTERN Pennsylvania farmers are trying to prevent the Philadelphia Natural Gas company from laying a twenty-inch main through their farms.

MR. ENDICOTT PEABODY, Mr. George C. Lee and Mr. Henry Saltonstall, collectively worth $18,000,000, are the solid Bostonians on the bond of Collector Saltonstall.

A VIRGINIA planter sold a wagon load (1,500 pounds) of leaf tobacco in Danville last week for $750. This is a good deal better than going west to grow up with the country.

IN 1875, the late William Sharon had his life insured in San Francisco for $75,000. A paid-up policy was issued to him for that sum, he paying $50,000 in greenbacks for it.

A NUMBER of citizens of Santa Fe, N. M., have sent General Fitz Lee a beautiful little silver sabre in token of their appreciation of the late democratic victory in Virginia.

IT is stated that Governor Cameron, of Virginia, will return to Petersburg upon the expiration of his term, and will probably be a candidate for congress from that district next fall.

THE marchioness de San Roman, wife of a Spanish marquis and courtier of the ex-Queen Isabella, died in Cincinnati last week. She was a daughter of James Robb, once a wealthy New Orleans banker.

IN September Mr. Hendricks turned his sixty-seventh year, and [illegible] so close to three score and ten, he [illegible] to the winter in Washington [illegible] capacity to enjoy all [illegible] expected to bring. [illegible] in Vancouver's [illegible] vestigation leads to [illegible] oleum are about as [illegible] boats, and gas may largely supersede the use of coal.

FOUR children in white liberty silk, smocked in pale coral and coral Liberty sashes, waited upon Miss Mary Ellen Gladstone at her marriage to Stuart Trotter, in Norwood church, England, says London Truth. The bridegroom gave to each little lass bar brooches with the bride's initials.

WOMEN are born, so fate declares,
To smooth our linen and our cares;
And 'tis but just, for by my troth,
They're very apt to ruffle both.

THE Italian proverb puts it:
Lazy, if tall;
Cross-grained, if small;
If handsome, vain;
Shocking, if plain.

ECHOES FROM THE PEOPLE.

Natural Gas.

Subscriber, Talladega, Ala.: Please tell me something about natural gas, how it is used for illumination, where it is found, etc.

Natural gas is now largely used for illumination and fuel in the coal regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio. In order to obtain the gas a well is dug and pipes are laid to convey the gas to any desired point. Some of the pipes run 100 miles. Findlay, Ohio, has eight large gas wells, and enough gas to supply the largest manufacturing city in America. One thousand families are using it for light and fuel, and many manufactories are run by it. The supply does not diminish. Each new well opened has no effect in lowering the pressure upon the others, and in several wells the pressure has increased since opened. The oil well is running about twenty-five barrels a day. Plenty of capital is here and coming here daily. Derricks are being built all around the town. The last gas well struck is to be used by a glass factory, and two other manufacturing institutions have contracted to be at work by August, 1886." At present the oil is purchased by Chicago parties for forty cents a barrel, or fifty cents delivered upon the cars. The heat from this gas is wonderfully intense, its heat-producing quality being its chief characteristic. Start a fire in a cold stove, and in five minutes people standing about it will begin to back off.

The whole business of warming and cooking is revolutionized by the gas. There is no kindling wood, no explosions of kerosene oil, and cooked servant girls, no "clinkers," no smoke, no soot, no going out of the fire, no attention needed, no wood, no coke, no coal and no bills for the same. A little valve regulates the supply and pressure of gas. Scientific and unscientific opinion appears to be about settled down to the belief that the supply of gas is from continual generation, and that, upon a broad scale, it will not cease, though here and there wells may peter out, and local supplies fail, just as springs may fail here and there, while the great product of water will keep flowing from the earth. It is not nature's way of doing things to open up a new store of material for man and then cut it off suddenly or curtail it. She is more bountiful, and does things for her children upon a more broad and liberal scale, in dealing out to us from her tremendous storehouse of air, ocean and earth. An earth that was once all gas, and nothing but gas, is not going to fail to furnish gas enough to run all its mills and light all the houses and cook all the food for Findlay.

Names of the States.

Subscriber, Maryville, Tenn.: Please give the origin of the names of the different states.

We have not time and space at present to fully comply with this request, but the following points may satisfy our correspondent: Maine takes its name from the province of Main, in France, and was so called in compliment to the queen of Charles I, Henrietta, its owner. New Hampshire, first called Laconia, from Hampshire, England. Vermont from the Green Mountains (French, verd mont). Massachusetts from the Indian language, signifying the country about the great hills. Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant. Connecticut was Mohegan, spelled originally Quon-eh-ta-cut, signifying "a long river." New York was so named as a compliment to the duke of York, whose brother, Charless II., granted him that territory. New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carter, after the island of Jersey in the British channel, of which he was governor. Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, and the words "sylvania," meaning woods. Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, governor of Virginia. Maryland receives its name from the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria. Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, unmarried or Virgin queen. The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I., and Georgia in honor of George II. Florida gets its name from Kalquas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers." Alabama comes from a Creek word, signifying "the land of rest." Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV. Mississippi derived its name from that of the great river, which is in the Natchez tongue, "The Father of Waters." Arkansas is derived from the the Indian word Kansas, "smoky waters," with the French prefix of "ark," a bow. Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with a big bend." Kentucky also is an indian name—"Kain-tuk-ae," signifying "at the head of the river." Ohio is the Swanee name for "The beautiful river." Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for fish weir, or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested. Indiana's name came from that of the Indians. Illinois is derived from the Indian word "Illini" (men) and the French affix "ois," making "Tribe of men." Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian name for "a wild, rushing channel." Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri river. Kansas is an Indian word for smoky water. Iowa signifies in the Indian language "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota "a cloudy water."

PROHIBITION POINTS.

THE COW WENT DRY.

From the Crawfordville, Ga., Democrat.

Dr. R. J. Reid's cow went so dry last Monday that she would not give milk enough to go in coffee that night for supper.

A CHANCE FOR CRAZY QUILTS.

From the Savannah, Ga., News.

Ladies who want red satin scraps for crazy quilts should send their orders to Atlanta. Anti-prohibition badges are now at a great discout nin that city.

REMITTED TO OLD FATHER TIME.

From the Thomaston, Ga., Times.

What the result will be on the financial prosperity of the city is an experiment and the future will have to tell.

LET OTHERS TRY IT TOO.

From the Athens, Ga., Chronicle.

Now that Atlanta has settled the prohibition matter, to the satisfaction of all parties, it is in order for Macon, Augusta and Savannah to have elections on that subject.

SHE HAS STAKED HER ALL.

From the Gainesville, Ga., Eagle.

This is, of course, an experiment, and no man can say now what the result will be. God grant that it may effect all the good the successful party claim for it, and that the evils predicted by the opponents of the measure may not result from it. The gate city has staked her all on this bold experiment, and that it may give her all the benefits she expects from it is no doubt the sincerest wish of every good citizen.

SHE CAN MAKE A JUG FACTORY OF IT.

From the Valdosta, Ga., Times.

Atlanta was debating the question of a bottle factory when the prohibition campaign opened, but in the excitement of the battle the matter was temporarily forgotten. Now that quiet reigns once more we suppose it will be sprung again, but the proposition will be amended. Instead of a bottle factory Atlanta will need a jug factory, and a double daily express train between that city and Macon and Augusta.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

From the Athens, Ga., Chronicle.

The result of the election in Atlanta was a genuine surprise to every one, and perhaps to none more than the prohibitionists themselves. We do not believe that the experiment will succeed in Atlanta, and while we ardently hope that it will be successful, our judgment is that the law will be evaded, if not openly violated. The county of Fulton decided the election, as the city proper went wet by a large majority; as some doubt exists as to the legality of the county's vote in the matter, it may be, after all, that Atlanta will yet be declared wet. The majority for prohibition was 216.

WOULD WALK TO GET IT.

From the Montezuma, Ga., Record.

Wednesday evening while a party of gentlemen were discussing the result of the election in Atlanta, one remarked in the hearing of a lot of negroes that he believed Atlanta would go dry and that it would soon be cleaned out of Montezuma. A ragged, half fed, black Zulu said: "Ef liquor goes out I'll walk dat sebenty-five ter get it. Tell yer Ike gwine ter have liquor." This seemed to be the sentiment of the other poor devils who were standing near. It appears to be the case everywhere, that the class of people, both white and colored, who are less able to buy whisky than others are its most earnest advocates. They are willing to go barefooted and ragged like the negro quoted above and have whisky, rather than do without it, and have comfortable clothing and abundance of good, wholesome food.

WHAT EDITOR LARRY GANTT THINKS.

From the Athens Banner-Watchman.

It is foolish to deny that in voting out liquor Atlanta has taken a great risk, and hence the pro hibitionists and property owners in that city deserve the greater praise for their sacrifice. It will destroy one of the largest and most lucrative interests in the place, and render utterly worthless hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of valuable property, and drive into bankruptcy men who have their all invested here. Again, the city is heavily in debt, and depended largely on her liquor revenue for support. This must now be raised by increasing taxation on real estate and businesses already groaning beneath a burden well nigh unbearable. Hence, we reassert that when the prohibitionists of that great and growing southern city so freely and promptly sacrificed self-interest, and risked so much to advance the cause of God and morality, they were guilty of the grandest act in the history of the Christian world.

From a selfish stand-point, there is no denying the fact that Atlanta's going dry will help Athens. There is a certain class of men whose trade is attracted by liquor, and now we are on an equal footing with the only rival we need to fear. The next legislature will dry up the other Georgia cities and towns.

YOU MAKE US BLUSH.

From the Rome, Ga., Bulletin.

THE CONSTITUTION is the most interprising, as well as the most powerful journal in the south.

From the Americus, Ga., Recorder.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION has donned a new and handsome dress of type, and is now as beautiful as it is enterprising, and words can go no further.

From the Montezuma, Ga., Record.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION has donned a new dress, and besides being the best daily paper in Georgia, it is the neatest printed. Success to the great daily.

From the Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION has appeared in a new dress, and has a handsome, thrifty appearance. We congratulate our contemporary upon this evidence of its exceeding prosperity.

From the Gainesville, Ga., Eagle.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION has come out in a spic span new winter dress, and looks as neat and lovely as a sweet girl graduate, with her first elegantly fitting and neatly trimmed autumn suit.

From the Butler, Ga., Herald.

After you have patronized your home journal, THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION is the best and cheapest paper for the farmer, the mechanic, the machinest and the housekeeper in the south, giving all the important news of the day.

From the Hamilton, Ga., Journal.

THE ATLANTA WEEKLY CONSTITUTION is very deservedly popular with the farmers of this state. It has contributed very largely to the advancement of agriculture in Georgia, and we believe deserving a place in every household in the county.

From the Savannah, Ga., Times.

Our valued contemporary, THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, made its appearance yesterday in a handsome new winter dress. THE CONSTITUTION visits so many thousands of people, and its list of acquaintances, both daily and weekly, has increased so rapidly that it felt the necessity of making a more presentable appearance, and hence has cast aside the old dress it had worn for one year and has donned a bright, new dress which sets it off to advantage. THE CONSTITUTION now is one of the cleanest printed papers in the country, and it is a pleasure to scan its well filled, entertaining columns. We wish it continued success.

A Bit of Telegraph Law.

From the New York Herald.

A man went to a telegraph office in Frankfort, Ind., to send a dispatch which called for an answer. He was a stranger in the town. The operator refused to send the message unless the writer would deposit twenty-five cents to pay for the answer. The operator acted in obedience to a rule of the company that "transient persons sending messages which require answers must deposit an amount sufficient to pay for ten words."

The man sued the company to recover the statntory penalty for refusal to transmit a message. The question whether the company had any right to make the rule above quoted went to the supreme court of the state.

That tribunal sustains the company. It remarks that the right to make reasonable by-laws for the regulation of its own business is an inherent power of all corporations. The by-law in dispute in this case it holds to be reasonable. "A person," it says, "who sends another a message and asks an answer promises by fair and just implication to pay for transmitting the answer. The telegraph company has a right to proceed upon this natural inference, and in requiring a transient person to deposit the amount chargeable for an ordinary message it does no more than take reasonable measures for securing compensation for its own service."

POWERS AND PRESTON.

The Great Sculptor and His Distinguished Benefactor—Pen Picture of the Two Men.

The subjoined brilliant article is published in the current number of The Centenary. It is from the facile pen of Miss Genie Orchard, a very gifted young artist of Columbia, S. C., who wields her pen as deftly as she does her brush:

In 1873 the art world was shocked to its very foundation by the announcement that Hiram Powers, the sculptor, was dead. Powers, the representative of American genius, and the exponent of truth and beauty, through the tongue of marble and stone, he was as dead and silent as were his images that had looked down upon him. All votaries of art realized that a golden chisel of genius had snapped, and a mind as bright as the morning sun was eclipsed in the full meridian of its glory. Vermont was the birthplace and early home of Powers. The obstacles and difficulties that are so often the penalty of genius, met this young sculptor at every path, yet his genius was the same triumphant faculty that has made so many people famous—the genius of labor. He fought like a true hero, and won his laurels manfully.

When very young, he sought Washington as his professional field. He made busts of many distinguished men and were at once recognized as works of merit; that of Chief Justice Marshall established his fame as a moulder of portraits. But a true artist is never content with the mere faculty of imitation. The desire to express lofty sentiments and tender thoughts through the medium of stone was the ambition that had haunted Powers since, in early youth, he had fashioned his primitive ideas in wax and clay.

A circumstance occurred while he was in Washington that struck the keynote to all his future greatness. Colonel J. S. Preston, of South Carolina, meeting Powers, and appreciating the budding talent that was striving to be recognized, munificently offered him the means to enable him to pursue his studies abroad. This offer was accepted, and proved the bridge that crossed the chasm of poverty, and over which he passed into realms that all the enthusiastic dreams of his youth had pictured.

He went, he worked, and he succeeded. Florence, "City of the Lily," with its flowers and its temples—its groves, its gardens and its galleries—its classic wealth and legendary lore—Florence, the home of beauty and of art, opened her arms and welcomed him. Here among the halls of Venus and Mars, Apollo and Jupiter, he made his home, among the grand conceptions of Michael Angelo, the carnation hues and brilliant colors of Titian, with the dreamy beauty of Correggio, and Carlo Dolci, he lived, and all this warmth and color that surrounded him, gave to the frozen beauty of his creations passion and soul. The same sun that caused the orange to glow, the cypress and the oleanders to blaze, and the grapes to ripen, kissed the human buds of genius in the life of Powers, and caused them to burst in the precocious exuberance of bloom. All that was poetic or sublime in his nature characterized his themes, and his purest sentiments became crystalizations of form.

His first ideal work was "The Greek Slave." Scarcely has his chisel given the last stroke to the marble, than his name was engraved on the annals of fame. As Powers himself describes it: "'Tis the representation of a beautiful woman, in a position of humiliation and sorrow, but elevated above it by conscious faith." It is graceful in pose, pure in sentiment, and exquisite and faultless in execution, and although it was followed by other ideal works, the Greek Slave has been pronounced the crowning laurel of Powers' life.

An American writing from Florence, says: "We visited Powers in his studio, and found him the man his works indicate. His person is noble, his eyes fine, his manners simple and dignified. He retains the vigor and animation of youth. How differently time affects different persons! While the worship of fashion and of wealth, and devotion to earth's vain distinctions and worldly conventionalisms exhaust the the physical and mental nature in its early prime, the love of the true and beautiful ever rejuvenate. To use the words of Bulwer, "The worship of truth and beauty seem to preserve to the votary the enduring youth of the divinities."

* * * * * * *

Preston, the friend and patron of Powers, lived in Columbia, S. C. His surroundings were characteristic of his cultivated and aesthetic tastes. His home was one of real beauty and elegance, a fit shrine for a man of such appreciation for merit and talent. Amid a forest of shrubbery, almost tropical in its luxuriance, a stone mansion was partly visible. The bronze-like magnolias, with all the spices of India in their alabaster cups, caught garlands of jessamine, that lead in tangled confusion from branch to branch, dashing with every breeze a wealth of golden perfume, like showers of sunshine on the violets and heliotrope below. Fountains played, and birds sang and built in the shade. It was a forest home in a city. The quiet repose of these cool retreats Preston loved, and often he was seen with uncovered head, and book in hand, on one of the gnarled rustic seats, in study or repose. He was a man to dignify such a home, possessing a grace, dignity and courtesy that bespeaks the typical southern gentleman, of whom so few are now left.

Powers was ever grateful to his benefactor, and evinced the feeling by sending to Mrs. Preston, as a token of gratitude for the assistance rendered him by her husband, his favorite ideal bust, Genevra. It was chiseled and modeled by the artist's own hands and it is said that the face is considered by many more latent strength of expression than is given in most of his ideal heads. This and other works of merit were collected in the Preston house. The statue of "Eve," and the bust of "Proserpine," were also sent by him as a token of friendship to Mrs. Preston.

The Genevra showed the dawn of Powers' ideal genius, so the Proserpine represents its full meridian, as it was made twenty years after the former.

It was with pride and gratification that Mr. Preston always pointed out these his favorite art gems, as objects of genius, labor and reward.

But to day all is changed: Powers is dead, and Preston is dead. The works of art that so long made beautiful the walls and niches of the Preston mansion are destroyed or scattered.

The stately old home, with its ivy-clad walls holding a thousand echoes of triumphs and pleasures of the past, has passed into the hands of strangers. The ivy is torn from the gray walls that for half a century have held it so lovingly. The tall trees, like stern sentinels, with their coils of jasmine and roses, have been destroyed, and the pruning knife has reduced the forest-like garden of its cool, deep shadows.

The hand of renovation and improvement is visible in the newly painted walls and the closely cut hedges. But it is no longer the pride of our city, or the home of Carolina's noble sons and daughters.

Beneath the cedars in the church yard of our old "Trinity," Preston sleeps, and far off in a foreign land, under the misty olive shades of Italy, Powers is laid to rest. Yet between these two names there is an invisible chain that spans distance and space, uniting both into one memory.

The open-hand of munificence and nobility will mark the name of John S. Preston, and the jeweled chisel of genius, that of Hiram Powers.

GATHERED BY GANTT.

The Editor of the Banner-Watchman on His Atlanta Trip.

Among the visitors in the city during the week of the election was Colonel T. L. Gantt, of the Athens Banner-Watchman. From a three column article of gossip and news incident to the election, is clipped the following from Sunday's paper.

Among the many new and pleasant acquaintances we formed while in Atlanta, we want to especially mention Dr. P. C. Magnus, of the firm of Magnus & Higdon, druggists. Dr. M. is a remarkably handsome young man, with an eye like the eagle's, and his soul as large as his acquaintanceship. We never met a gentleman with whom we were more favorably impressed. He is so affable, pleasant and generous as to at once capture your heart and confidence. Dr. Magnus has promised soon to visit Athens, when the freedom of the classic city will be extended to him.

And then there is Tom Crenshaw, collector for Georgia. He is one of the best and truest men we ever knew, and clinches his friends to his side with hooks of steel. Mr. Crenshaw is one of the old guard of democracy, and the day is not far distant when he will represent his district in congress. When the people of Georgia honor such men they honor themselves, and pay a debt of gratitude to tried and true men.

Marshal John W. Nelms and State Treasurer Bob Hardeman are also a pair of democratic veterans, undoubtedly the right men in the right place. We never go to Atlanta without calling on them, and are sure of a warm welcome.

We could go further and mention other new-made friends in Atlanta who spared neither pains nor money to make our stay among them pleasant, did space permit. This city has as many whole-souled gentlemen in her boarders as any spot in Georgia, and none rank higher than Harry Hill, W. Woods White, Lew Rutzler, Henry H. Knowles, and Wm. Handy, all of whom are gilt-edged gentlemen.

THE CONSTITUTION has donned its annual new dress, and is one of the handsomest papers in America. THE CONSTITUTION prints 100,000 copies every week, and wears out a set of type each year. Its weekly circulation is now over 40,000. These figures are authentic, being taken from the registry in the press room. THE CONSTITUTION'S success is unparalleled.

How to be Exclusive.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Traveller (to waiter)—"Is this my room?"

"Yes, sah."

"There are two beds in it. I don't want two beds; what's the other one for?"

"De nex man, sah."

"What man? I thought I paid for the right of being exclusive here."

"So you can, sah; so you can."

"How am I going to manage that?"

"Doan speak ter him."

Opposition to Senator Edmunds.

From the New York Times (Ind. Rep.)

It is clear that ex-Governor John Gregory Smith, of Vermont, will contest Senator Edmunds's seat if he sees a fair chance to win. It would be a very bad bargain for Green mountain state to exchange a man of George F. Edmunds's ability and character for a railroad wrecker and juggler. That seems to be the view which the people of Vermont take of the matter. They are well satisfied to keep Mr. Edmunds in the senate and Mr. Smith in Montpelier.

CONSTITUTIONALS.

General Gossip and Editorial Short Shots Caught on the Run.

Court week in Cottonville comes twice a year. The town then revives a little, and some indications of life, movement and business are visible. Cottonville, you know, was finished and fenced in more than half a century ago. Since that time not a nail has been driven, and, with the exception of a little whitewashing, nothing has been done in the line of repairs.

Once when Judge Blank was on the bench I dropped into the courtroom to pass an idle hour. The solicitor general had just called the judge's attention to an indictment against one Jefferson Orton. The charge was assault with intent to murder, but the solicitor said that he was satisfied he could not secure a conviction, and he therefore recommended that the indictment be not prosecuted. The judge frowned and said in his sternest tones:

"I take a different view of it, Mr. Solicitor. It would be reducing justice to child's play to do as you suggest. The case will be called after dinner, and it must be tried unless a proper showing is made for a continuance."

His honor's tartness caused a little stir. The solicitor turned red, and there was a breeze of whispering all over the court room.

In the afternoon I was on hand to witness the trial of Orton. To the surprise of everybody it did not come off. After taking his seat Judge Blank, with an embarrassed look, said:

"Mr. Solicitor, I believe you stated this morning that you were in favor of having the Orton case nol pros'd?"

"Yes, may it please your honor," replied the solicitor, "but of course, if in your judgment"—

"Never mind about that," interrupted the judge. "I am satisfied that you must have good grounds for making such a recommendation. Let the matter be disposed of as you suggested."

There was a buzz of surprise for a moment. Then other business engaged attention, and the matter was soon forgotten. I had no interest in the case and yet I could not help wondering what had caused the judge to change his mind. I found out all about it long afterwards.

When the court adjourned for dinner on the day when these events occurred, Judge Blank went straight to a little barber shop, and throwing himself into a chair called for a shave. There was only one barber in the establishment, and he was a white man. He had a villainous face, and his build showed him to be a man of great strength. When he recognized his customer a peculiar look came over his face. He stepped to the door and glanced up and down the street. It was cold and sleety, and not a soul was to be seen. He closed the door and proceeded to attend to his work. He lathered the judge's face carefully, and then took up his razor.

"Jedge," said he, "I spose yer dunno me."

"No," answered the judge curtly.

"My name is Jeff Orton, an' you've got a little case on yer docket agin me."

He stood in front of the judge and fumbled with the glittering razor.

"Well, that is a matter of court business," said the judge, "and will be disposed of in court at the proper time."

"Jesso," asserted Orton, "jesso, but jedge, I'm afeared yer don't understand the situation. Don't be so blasted salty about it. When the solicitor and willin' ter nol. pros. the case, what call had you to interfere?"

"I can't discuss the case here," remarked the judge.

"Yer kaint! Oh, yes yer kin, jedge," and the ruffian took his customer's chin in one hand while he flourished the razor with the other.

"Now," he continued, "yer see I'm a peaceable law-abidin' man. I make no threats, as some men might do. This case is a regular life and death business with me. I'd jest as soon cut my throat as cut any other durned man's as ter be tried in yer court. An' yer see, *jedge, I'm a-makin' no* threats. I'm jest a-tellin yer friendly like, an' open an' above board how I stand. Before I'll be jerked up an' go through that racket about 'juror look upon the prisoner and prisoner look upon the juror,' an' all that durned ilment, I'm liable ter kill myself or any other man in my way."

He looked at the judge with a tigerish glare in his eyes, and tried the edge of his razor with his thumb.

During this conversation Judge Blank's face had turned all sorts of colors, and finally a dead white. He saw that one no was likely to come into the shop while the storm raged. The idea struck him that Orton was frenzied and might do something violent. His heart beat tumultuously, and he felt alarmed in earnest. With a feeling of contempt for himself he said pleasantly:

"Well, you have a good face, Orton, and I have not a mind to make up my mind to let the solicitor have his way and drop the case."

"That would be an act of justice ter an innocent man," said Orton.

"No doubt of it," was the reply. "In fact, after looking at you and talking with you I am convinced that you are all right. Rest easy, Mr. Orton, the case shall be nol pross'd."

"Fust thing after dinner," said Orton.

"The very first thing!"

"Shore an' sartin, jedge!"

"Sure and certain."

"Fon yer word of honor as a scholar an' a gentleman an' a jedge!"

"On my honor."

"S'elp yer God?"

"Yes."

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"On my honor."

"S'elp yer God?"

"Yes."

"An' hopin' yer may die if yer go back on yer word?"

"Yes."

"Bully for you, jedge! I knew you'd see that justice was done. Now let me finish the shave."

The result the reader knows. Judge Blank never said anything about it, but Orton let it out when he was in his cups. He may have embellished it a little but the Cottonville people believed him.

The Deluded Piscimaniacs.

From the New York Bedford Standard.

There is a good deal of humbug in the legitimate talk about growing fish. * * We doubt if people hanker after fish so much as the piscimaniacs imagine.

An Ode to Sullivan.

Oh, J. Sullivan! Oh, J. Sullivan!
Oh, John Lycurgus Sullivan, all hail!
Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou god! Thou you!
Thou Zeus with all-compelling Land!
Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou heavyweight!
Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis!
Thou son of a gamoblier!
Fifty-nine inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain knuckles hast thou, and again twice twain
Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.
Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems rock and eyeballs change their hue.
Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou lightsome excoriator!
Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll John!
Thou buster!
Oh, you! Oh, me too! Oh, me some more!
Oh, thunder!!!

—Walt Whitman (per J. P. L.), in Life's Verson.

One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through.
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another and more on them,
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell.
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—From the Golden Days.

IN THE CHURCHES.

SEVERAL VERY IMPORTANT SERMONS YESTERDAY.

Dr. Chaney Preaches a Timely Sermon at the Church of Our Father—Dr. Strickler and Dr. Hawthorne Preach Fine Sermons—Elder T. M. Harris at Christ's Church—Timely Words.

Several very important sermons were delivered in Atlanta yesterday.

Dr. Chaney preached a timely sermon on the enjoyments and amusements that are to occupy the leisure of the people now that barrooms are doomed. His utterances will be read with special interest.

Dr. Hawthorne preached with accustomed zeal one of his strong sermons, bearing somewhat on the recent campaign.

Dr. Strickler preached a fine sermon from the text, "Now, therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Rev. T. M. Harris preached on "Sowing and Reaping," from the text, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The sermons are well worth a perusal:

Provide for Leisure Moments.

A TIMELY SERMON BY REV. GEORGE L. CHANEY, AT THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHER.

In Ps. 127. "Fill up the water pots with water," was Mr. Chaney's text on Sunday evening. He made a introductory to a discourse on some aids to temperance not provided for by law. Metaphorically speaking, the wine at our civic feast has run out. The temperance movement has come, and come to stay until its right is acknowledged and some just way of securing it is discovered. Be the fate of the accepted law what it may, the moral sense of the community, in the persons of a majority of its better people, has uttered its voice against free traffic in ardent spirits, and from that judgment there is no appeal. Revolutions never go backward. But letting all this go, since we have had enough discussion for the present of the temperance question, per se, let us speak of some of the possible substitutes for those fermented pleasures which the authorities tell us are about to run out. It is vain to take men, by the collar as it were, and attempt to plunge them into a new set of occupations and enjoyments. Have still to offer them nothing but vacancy for the vanished joys of the saloon. Off-hours will be as thirsty as ever, and leisure time will look as eagerly as ever for congenial diversion. We must find some water that is worth having, if we hope to replace the old companion of our marriage feast.

Now there are six water-pots that only need filling with good water to surpass all the old wine. (1) Social entertainment. Is the social capacity of the city fully met by its social customs? The homes of Atlanta, if they realized their powers and would open their doors to the homeless young men, might do much to save them from the seductions of the street. Will they not assume this duty in the hour of well meaning but distempered reform, and so multiply their attraction and enlarge their hospitality, that the offended freedom and dignified leisure of our young men may find abundant consolation for their enforced sacrifices and lost enjoyments? Let us see if the combined cheer, hospitality, friendship, sense and sensibility of Atlanta homes are not more than a match for her drinking saloons, gambling dens and worse places still.

And (2) I want to see something done to fill up the mental water pots, alias head pieces, of our growing youth. Reading is coming to be a lost art among them. We are not a reading people unless newspapers are literature and their readers are well read. Everybody is too busy making money to be making mind. The better volumes in our Young Men's Library gather so much dust in their retired alcoves, that they would take root and grow if they were seeded. I want to see that library as gas can give, and a hundred young men reading there, the books and periodicals that will fill their minds with the material for thought, and gradually open the spur to new attainments in their various callings. It can be done if the intelligent money of Atlanta will pour some of its bounty into the treasury of that admirable institution. With five hundred dollars we will undertake to make the library a successful competitor, for at least, a hundred young men, with the useless loafing places where they now consume their leisure hours.

(3) Another water-jar that needs filling is popular amusement. Men must have fun. The very prophet of our modern wilderness who most inveighs against the people's chosen amusements does so in such a jocular strain that the people find their amusement in him. His text is hardly distinguishable from the other one. There is a touch of that irony which runs through human society in this exhibition of an amusing preacher to laugh down amusement. What is wanted is not the destruction of the old water-pots, but their refilling with fresh water. And (4) domestic life, how much that might be improved and so made attractive to men who now seek their pleasures elsewhere, suppose we made our homes a sort of exchange for good news, bringing to them all the bright and pleasant things we found in book or business, instead of treating them, as we so often do, as poor hospitals, where we may lay our weary heads and moan and groan as much as we please. We would find a sweeter capacity developed in them, and a generation of better portioned children go forth to repeat, the blessing and extend their kind.

And when, in place of those masked ogres that line the wayside, the drinking saloons holding their terrors before their faces with all the coquetry of predetermined seduction, our streets are furnished with clean and clean-smelling tea and coffee rooms, where the cup that cheers but not inebriates, may be had whenever exhausted or lagging nature needs its gentle stimulus, then another water jar of better fluid than the cold tap ever ran, will be filled. And six, and lastly, the church which has hitherto directed its energies mainly to peopling and improving the other world, will find a genuine vocation nearer home. As it is, a preacher almost feels that an apology is due his hearers if he speaks of anything more current than the deluge or the destruction of Jerusalem.

Truth only seems to be deemed religious so long as it is never applied to this world. Mr. Chaney has made a plea for larger, immediate usefulness in the labors of the church, and declared that if these six water-pots could be refilled, there would be little cause and ere long no disposition to sigh for the played-out wine of the former dispensation. Cleanse and refill these six jars—society, reading, amusements, home life, wayside entertainment and the church—and I will warrant that the governor of the feast and all his guests will declare that this water which the Lord has provided is the best wine of all.

Dr. Hawthorne's Remarks.

HE PREACHES A FINE SERMON AND ASKS PARDON FOR HIS CAMPAIGN UTTERANCES.

At the First Baptist church Dr. Hawthorne preached at the morning service to an overflowing congregation on the subject, "How God exalts the right over the wrong." "He (the righteous) shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." Said the doctor:

The spiritual man is able to draw lessons of heavenly wisdom from every material object. When lifeless science sees nothing but physical law, he sees the hand of the loving Jehovah. In visible forms he sees the shadows of the invisible. The physical world illustrates the truths of God's kingdom. When the psalmist would find a picture of the righteous man, he goes to the summit of the towering Mount Lebanon keeping watch over the silent valley. The cedar is found everywhere. Its foliage evergreen, it loves the sunshine and plays with the storm. It endures the heat of the torrid zone and the rigors of the eternal snows. It delights in nearness to the flowing streams, yet grows amid sandy wastes. It is the monarch of the forest—the crowned king of trees. The tree of our Lord, the most beautiful and excellent of his works, it is made to illustrate a righteous man. David compares the righteous to the cedar tree. Such a man is truly regal. A noble spirit is loftier than any possession. He who is monarch of his mind, thoughts and purposes is the only regal potentate. You may have wealth untold, learning that excites admiration, genius dazzling and vaulting, but if you are a slave of your appetites, there is not one fibre of manhood in you. That he who sins is a servant of sin, is a downright reality. He who at the table cannot control his appetite is a slave. The man governed by prejudice is a slave. The man afraid to examine his own life and character is a slave. The man who obeys party rather than right is a slave. The man who has not the courage of his convictions is a slave. The man who hesitates to do his duty for fear of reproach, is in more than Egyptian bondage. I would rather be found in bondage to the worst man that lives in Atlanta than be the victim of some vice that emasculates my manhood. If, enlightened by God's word, you have thrown off these evils, then, happy man, happy state. If truth has made you free, then, are you indeed, free. There is nothing equal to the freedom of the man who has triumphed over the lower elements of his nature; over prejudice; over passion; over fear of the world; over the fear of hell. Such a one God calls blessed. He is exalted to be a king among men. Man has fallen from his high estate, but he is still mindful of the shining heights from which he has fallen; catches a glimpse of the regal crown he has lost. Every one has a voice in his own soul, saying you are not what you might be; you are not what it is your God-bought privilege to be. Like the sea-shell murmuring in soft melody the song of its native deep, so the soul voices the cry of conscience of a lost heritage yet to be claimed. The outward appearance does not always correspond with the regal estate of one, who by severe discipline has learned to wear gracefully the royal crown. Judge not by outward appearance. The world does not always measure greatness by God's standard. In his kingdom men take rank according to their love of truth, right, faith, hope and charity. In honest failure a man preserves his moral integrity, but in success by treachery, deceit and cunning, he may win the plaudits the world bestows upon success, but what is success worth to a man when his own conscience damns him for his methods. When he sees God's writing on the wall. I will show you a successful man. Go with me, but tread lightly, for we are to speak in the presence of one passing from earth to heaven—from darkness to the light of day. There on the couch of death, wasted by disease, with pallid cheeks surrounded by weeping kindred, amid farewells spoken in broken sobs lies one, already basking in the sunshine of another world. Never man felt so rich as he. Angel bands are hovering around his head bearing his coronation robe. God is saying to him come up and inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world. If you belong to this class the world may despise you, but you will be not ashamed. Wealth may not pour her treasures in your lap, but by faith your soul will be lifted up to enjoy the kingly treasures of God's rich promises. Eternal sunshine will settle around your head. This is not mere rhapsody, but the evidence of millions who have trusted him and believed in his word. The cedar of Lebanon is exalted like a monarch. It catches the first rays of the morning sun and reflects the last shadow of the parting day. It defies the storm and lives a thousand years unmindful of time or change. Supported by the testimony of God's people, I say that the difference between the cedar of Lebanon and the loveliest flower that lifts its head in the valley beneath is not greater than that between the humblest Christian and the most world renowned sinner. No impious hand can blot his name from the book of life. Should all the powers of hell, with pent up rage, be combined against him, he will still be triumphantly saved.

The real wealth of any city is its righteous men. Men who love God and who dare to do right. Men who live by faith and who feel "it is not all of life to live." Men who believe there is a divine side to human nature, who believe in moral government, Christianity, right and wrong; who are true to their convictions. You know it, God and Angels approve it, the wealth of any nation rests in such men. One good man may save a city and one good man in a great cause may insure its triumph.

We have just passed through a contest, the most memorable of the 19th century. Never was a country so enlisted and why? Because it is a victory that carries hope to millions of the friends of temperance every where—hope that the day is not far distant when our whole land will be redeemed from the curse of intemperance. By whom was this victory won? By men who believe in God, in a moral government, in a world unseen, in future retribution. By men who love truth and sobriety more than money. By such as the Inmans, Dodds, Chamberlins, Kisers and a host of others, who said, if necessary, let our material prosperity suffer, that we may reclaim our city and our homes from the curse of intemperance. By our women, who, on bended knees, watched the stars out, in humble supplication to the God of battles. These make the wealth of a city, and these will God exhalt. Some think Atlanta has entered on an experiment. When our great city rises in her majesty and throttles the worst enemy of God and man, she is making no experiment. She is simply executing God's will, and His benedictions will rest upon her. We have done what God would have us do.

The righteous man is magnanimous. He will extend a helping hand, bestow benedictions rather than malice. He aims to punish nobody, but to affirm the right.

If in the heat of battle, when arrows tipped with venom, fell thickened fast upon me, I uttered words, not tempered with moderation and prudence, I have the manhood to confess it and ask forgiveness.

I thank those who stood by me, who knew, I was disinterested and unselfish. I would have no emoluments, no glory, nothing save the approval of Him whom I serve. I desire nothing but to continue in this work and it shall be mine 'till I go home. Dispatches and letters have come to me, with "God bless you" from all parts of the country. These I shall keep and leave to my children as a rich legacy. To Him who looks down upon us from the heights of bliss, who controled our contest and who gave us the victory, be honor, glory and dominion forever and forever.

Dr. Strickler Yesterday.

HE PREACHES A FINE DISCOURSE AT THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

The inclement weather did not prevent the presence of a large congregation at the Central Presbyterian church yesterday morning. Dr. Strickler preached a strong sermon from a part of the 33d verse of the 10th chapter of Acts: "Now therefore, are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God."

Cornelius had sent for Peter and invited a few of his relatives and friends to hear him preach. The congregation which he addressed was in some respects remarkable and in other respects it was not. It was not remarkable for its size. Probably all who were present could have been gathered in a room or two in an ordinary dwelling.

It was not remarkable for its composition, for there were no persons of special rank or distinction present. Neither was it remarkable in respect to the ministry it received. Though Peter was the leader of the apostolic band and the ablest preacher of the original twelve, he had preached to many other congregations and his presence and preaching did not make this congregation remarkable.

But for some things it was remarkable.

It was the first congregation of Gentiles that ever assembled. There was no law against preaching to the Gentiles, but the Jews had never attempted to carry the gospel to them. It had required all their attention to keep their own people faithful. They were constantly lapsing into the barbarism of the nations around them. This was the first sermon to the Gentiles. Peter had had his wonderful vision of the vessel descending from heaven, when he was rebuked by God for calling the food it contained unclean, he understood that the middle wall of the partition between the Jews and the Gentiles was removed and this meeting was the beginning of the spread of the gospel of Christ throughout the world.

The congregation was remarkable, because they were all there. Every on who had been asked to come, or who was under any obligation to come, was present. It was a curious spectacle to see such a congregation in these days. Many are providentially and necessarily detained from divine service, but how many find in the slightest excuse sufficient cause to keep them away. Reasons which would not operate against attention to business or pleasure are often sufficient to insure absence from church.

It was a remarkable congregation, because the children were there. One of the dangers of the church in our day is that children are not more generally brought to its services. "Train a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom." Train him in the way he should not go, and the same rule will apply. The argument that to bring children to church will give them a distaste for worship, would apply with equal force to secular schools. Do you hesitate to teach your children that they must speak the truth or do right because you fear that they will by your instruction and control be prejudiced against the truth and the right?

The doctor spoke very forcibly on this point, and urged parents to be mindful of their duty to themselves and to their children. Lastly, he said, the congregation that Peter addressed was remarkable because it wanted to hear what God commanded to be spoken. Eloquence and logic were doubtless acceptable to them, but these were but the draperies of the thing they longed for. There is a dangerous tendency to divert the minds of modern congregations with levity and sensationalism. The themes which are fit to be treated in the pulpit rise above the scope of such treatment, and appeal to the deepest and most sacred feelings of the heart.

Dr. Strickler concluded by appealing to his hearers to be a congregation with a spirit and a zeal such as were possessed by the little band at the house of Cornelius, to whom Peter preached.

Elder T. M. Harris.

HE PREACHES ON "WHATSOEVER YE SOW THAT SAALL YE ALSO R'AP."

Notwithstanding the unfriendliness of the weather, quite a good congregation assembled at the church on Hunter street.

The following is a synopsis of the discourse delivered by the pastor, Elder T. M. Harris, who, after an absence from the city of two weeks, returned Saturday.

Sublect—"Sowing and Reaping."

Text: Gal. 6 chap.: 7-8.

7—Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

8—For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that shall soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

Seeds, one of the most marvelous things in the natural world is a seed, even a mustard seed. The germinal life that it contains and propagates is as little understood today as it was a thousand years ago. How warmth and moisture enables it to spring up and grow and develop itself, we cannot understand nor explain. The life principle in a seed is as wonderful as in organic or animal life, and the law that they shall produce after their kind has never failed. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The imaging of the text.—The Apostle presents to our minds three fields, the natural field, the flesh and the spirit. The natural field is the basis of his illustration. In this field there is no mistake —the harvest followed the sowing, each after its kind. And the gradual development of the plant life is employed in the parable of the mustard seed. To illustrate the law of progressive development in the spiritual life ideas are to the mind as seed to the soil.

God was for four thousand years preparing the soil of the human heart for the Christ idea—the glorious seed that should produce the harvest of everlasting life. The certainty of the harvest:

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

If he sows the wind he shall reap the whirlwind. There are men in your city today reaping the harvest of seeds sown in their youth. There is no escape. Thy have sown, they shall reap.

Repentance cannot save them from the consequences of their own conduct. The gambler who staked his all on the cast of a dice and lost, may be profoundly penitent, but that does not bring back a penny. The drunkard, after a night of debauch, may be penitent but the shattered nerves, the parched tongue remains. The man who in a moment of passion sent a bullet through the heart of another, may become profoundly penitent, but his victim will be buried. his wife will be a widow and his children remain orphans. They have sown, the harvest time has come, they shall reap. Look at the many miserable wrecks around you. Perhaps many of them are members of your church. Years ago they sowed the seed of sin and dissipation; today they are reaping the harvest of broken constitutions, of shattered nerves, of aches and pains. There is no escape. They must reap the harvest of their own sowing.

The spiritual field.—In this field, if the analogy is worth anything, the harvest will also follow the sowing. In the natural field the harvest was after its kind, and proportioned to the sowing. In the field of the flesh the harvest was corruption. Sowing to the flesh—the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, the pride of life had but one harvest, and that was corruption—death. So in the spiritual field, he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

IN ITS GERMINAL STATE.

"Life everlasting" is predicated first of faith. He that believeth that everlasting life—second of repentance. Then hath God granted to the gentiles repentance unto "life" and third of baptism. Therefore we are buried with him by baptism unto death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in 'newness of life.' Here we have 'everlasting life' in the germ: From this point it must grow, and develop into eternal life." But now being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end "everlasting life."

PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE HENDERSON, who has many friends in Atlanta, has been made cashier of a new bank at Honey Grove, Texas.

AT THE KIMBALL: L Wellhouse, Ga; L B Dodds, Knoxville; J B Capehart, A and G R R; H C Geodman; Denver, Col; R C King, Hroy, Ala; E A Brandas, La; J C Wages, Ga; H Vollegel, N Y; Wm B Kelly, Philadelphia; T E Smith, A R Smead, New York; B T Hagen, G W Fox, Cincinnati; E Gresham and Wife, Social Circle, Ga; J F Schoeder, Miss Gazzen, Mobile; P S Krider, Philadelphia; John Barr, Washington, D C; H L White, Tennessee; J C Beard, M B C Co; Mrs. Gasquet, New Orleans; Frank S Knight, New York; L J Harris, Macon; George Sturgis, Boston; R. E. Mitchell, Flowery Branch, Ga; S. D. Palmer, Nashville; A B Suers, Macon; P H Porous, Austins Shore; E W Cullen, Bloomington, Ill; M Herzberger, West Point; Frank Griffin, Columbus, Ind; W T Hughby, West Point; C F Malme and son, H N Dean, Boston; T G Benham, La Grange; S G Fairbanks, Cincinnati; A G Manard, G Sugtos, F R Fisher, Mrs Gamble, N Y; E B Floyd, Palmetto, Ga; E P Gunard, Charleston; A E Auck, Ga; J D Okes, Cinti; Henry J Hill, Washington; D S Printu, E G Shannon, Rome, Ga; W W Simpson, Chattanooga, Tenn; Robert Thompson, jr, Augusta; W E Harris, Macon; Jas T Fiewellen, Cuthbert; Geo H Babcock, New York; E W Gribs, New York; R T McDewett, Baltimore; R F Patterson, Richmond, Va; T K Smith, Bellaire, O; Hamilton Yaney, Rome, Ga.

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A BRAVE WOMAN.

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SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Express No. 11.	Fast mail No. 13.	
Leave Chattanooga..	3 55 pm	9 45 am	.....
" Ooltewah.....	9 33 pm	10 20 am	.....
" Ochutta.....	10 00 pm	10 45 am	.....
Arrive Dalton.....	10 27 pm	11 14 am	.....
Leave Dalton.....			.....
Arrive East Rome.....	11 45 pm	12 30 pm	.....
Leave East Rome.....	11 45 pm	12 35 pm	.....
" Rockmart.....	1 00 am	1 27 pm	.....
" Dallas.....	1 44 am	2 16 pm	.....
Arrive Atlanta.....	3 10 am	3 30 pm	.....
Leave Atlanta.....	3 20 am	4 00 pm	.....
" McDonough...	4 38 am	5 12 pm	.....
" Jackson.....	5 18 am	6 51 pm	.....
Leave Indian Spring	5 30 am	6 02 pm	.....
Arrive Macon.....	6 55 am	7 20 pm	.....
Leave Macon.....	7 15 am	7 40 pm	.....
" Cochran.....	9 06 am	9 23 pm	.....
" Eastman.....	9 52 am	10 05 pm	.....
Arrive Jesup.....	1 50 pm	1 40 am	.....
Leave Jesup.....		2 10 am	.....
" Sterling.....		4 53 am	.....
Arrive Brunswick....		6 10 am	.....
" Jacksonville..		7 00 am	.....
" Savannah.....	8 25 pm	6 15 am	.....

SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Express No. 11.	Fast mail No. 13.	
Leave Cleveland.....	8 55 pm	3 30 am	.....
" Cohutta.....	10 00 pm	10 45 am	.....
" Dalton.....	10 27 pm	11 14 am	.....
Arrive East Rome.....	11 45 pm	12 30 pm	.....
Leave East Rome.....	12 01 am	12 35 pm	.....
" Rockmart.....	1 00 am	1 27 pm	.....
" Dallas.....	1 44 am	2 16 pm	.....
Arrive Atlanta.....	3 00 am	3 30 pm	.....

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Express No. 12.	Fast mail No. 14.	
Leave Savannah.....	7 01 am	8 50 pm	.....
" Jacksonville..	.....	7 00 pm	.....
" Brunswick....	.....	8 45 pm	.....
" Sterling.....	.....	8 52 pm	.....
Arrive Jesup.....	.....	11 45 pm	.....
Leave Jesup.....	11 35 am	12 20 am	.....
" Eastman.....	4 02 pm	4 15 am	.....
" Cochran.....	4 45 pm	5 00 am	.....
Arrive Macon.....	6 25 pm	6 40 am	.....
Leave Macon.....	6 45 pm	7 05 am	.....
" Indian Springs	8 18 pm	8 34 am	.....
Leave Jackson.....	8 31 pm	8 45 am	.....
" McDonough...	9 18 pm	9 30 am	.....
Arrive Atlanta.....	10 30 pm	10 45 am	.....
Leave Atlanta.....	10 45 pm	12 01 pm	.....
" Dallas.....	12 12 am	1 17 pm	.....
" Rockmart.....	1 05 am	2 08 pm	.....
Arrive East Rome.....	2 00 am	3 00 pm	.....
Leave East Rome.....	2 00 am	3 05 pm	.....
Arrive Dalton.....	3 25 am	4 18 pm	.....
Leave Dalton.....	3 28 am	4 18 pm	.....
" Cohutta.....	3 50 am	4 15 pm	.....
" Ooltewah.....	4 25 am	5 20 pm	.....
Arrive Chattanooga..	5 00 am	5 50 pm	.....

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Express No. 12.	Fast mail No. 14.	
Leave Atlanta.....	10 45 pm	12 01 pm	.....
" Dallas.....	12 12 am	1 12 pm	.....
" Rockmart.....	1 05 am	2 08 pm	.....
Arrive East Rome..	00 am	3 00 pm	.....
Leave East Rome..	0am	3 05 pm	.....
" Dalton.....	4am	4 18 pm	.....
" Cohutta.....	503 am	5 45 pm	.....
Arrive Cleveland...	6 35 am	10 15 pm	.....

CONNECTIONS.

Trains Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 connect at Chattanooga with Memphis and Charleston Division, E. T., V. & G. R. R., and Cincinnati Southern Railway and Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway.

Trains Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 connect at Cleveland with main line East Tenn., V. & Ga. R. R. and connect at Rome with Alabama Division E. T., V. & Ga. R. R.

Trains Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 connect at Atlanta and Macon with all diverging roads, and connect at Jesup with S., F. & W. Railway for Florida and Savannah.

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Trains Nos. 13 and 14 have Pullman Palace Sleeping cars between Jacksonville, Jesup, Macon and Atlanta for Chattanooga and Cincinnati, and and through day coaches between Chattanooga and Jacksonville. Nos. 11 and 12 connect at Chattanooga with Pullman cars for Philadelphia and solid trains for Lynchburg.

Nos. 13 and 14 connect at Chattanooga with Pullman cars between Chattanooga and New York and solid trains between Chattanooga and Lynchburg.

Nos. 13 and 14 carry through first-class coaches between Atlanta and Little Rock via Memphis and Charleston railroad. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 have Pullman Buffet cars and through coaches between Atlanta and Savannah.

All trains run daily.

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Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 18, 1885.

Schedule in Effect October 18, 1885.

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No. 54 Mail and Express.	Leaves Atlanta 8 05 a. m. daily. Stops at all Stations. Arrives at Birmingham 3 55 p. m.
No. 50 Fast Line New Orleans, Vicksburg and Shreveport.	Leaves Atlanta daily 4 30 p. m. Stops at all stations between Atlanta and Tallapoosa Arrives at Birmingham 11 35 p. m.
No. 52 Night Express.	Leaves Atlanta 10 00 p. m. daily, Stops at all stations. Arrives Birmingham 9 50 a. m.
No. 55 Mail and Express.	Leaves Birmingham 8 00 a m daily Stops at all Stations. Arrives at Atlanta 8 00 p. m.
No. 51 NIGHT EXPRESS.	Leaves Birmingham 5 45 pm daily Stops at all Stations. Arrives Atlanta 9 30 a. m.
No. 53 Fast Line, Atlanta, New York and All Points East.	Leaves Birmingham 1 05 pm daily Stops at all stations between Tallapoosa and Atlanta. Arrives at Atlanta 7 15 a. m.

M

BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

THE FAMOUS MINE IN FRONT OP PETERSBURG.

Fort Steadman, Fort "Hell" and Fort "Damnation"—The Old Slaughter Pen of the "Crater."—The Story From the Confederate Side—Scenes, Incidents, etc., of the Bloody Days.

Upon most of the battlefields of northern and western Virginia there is little to aid the imagination of the visitor. Where the land is worth the trouble the earthworks, if there were any, have been leveled and there is nothing left to mark the spots where great events transpired. At Manassas, the plain, fenced and cultivated, has nothing to show where the tremendous battles were fought or particular deeds were done. A visit to the battlefields about Manassas is not particularly interesting, except to those who participated in those struggles. In the southwest this is different, from the fact that upon nearly all the great battlefields about Fredericksburg, Richmond and Petersburg, the earthworks remain untouched except by the hand of time. Just as they were fought over—just as they were stained with blood and heaped with dead and dying, and plowed with shot and shell—just as they stood when the war ended, there they stand to-day. The rain has beaten them down somewhat, the grass in many places has grown over them and the leaves accumulated in the ditches and hollows. Pine trees as thick as a man's thigh have grown upon them and the scrub pines and black jack and chinquepin make a thick underbrush. But in many places they stand uncovered, the bare, silent grim old red earthworks of the war.

These give a guide to the imagination and assist the recollections and vivify the memories of those terrible events.

At Spottsylvania you may stand upon the deadly angle where for thirty-six hours in blood and smoke and agony, in a tumult as if among fighting fiends of hell, the contending armies were clinched like wild beasts in a death struggle that knew no mercy, gave no quarter and asked for none. At Cold Harbor you may go into the federal butcher-pen of 1864. You may stand in the works where the federal troops lay clutching their rifles at break of day upon that dreadful morning. You may spring over those low parapets as they did in the dark and murky dawning, and before you see the slope, down and then up, over which they swept in that fatal charge. Before you stand the old works they charged, frowning, impregnable, and between you and them is the space wherein fell thirteen thousand of the flower of the northern army in a charge as hopeless as was that at Balaklava.

All around Richmond the old fortifications and lines of work may be traced. Sometimes they disappear in plowed and cultivated fields to reappear beyond. Some of the forts, indeed many of them, are nearly perfect, and a day or two would put them in as good trim as ever.

Down below at Drury's Bluff and Fort Darling, the works in many places need nothing but the ax to put them in shape for occupation.

But the most interesting of all are the works about Petersburg, the historic city and the center of interest is the old Crater, as it is called, the scene of the explosion of a federal mine, July 30, 1864, and the dreadful scenes following.

I spent a day riding along the old lines at Petersburg from Fort McGilvery past Fort Stedman, Fort Haskel, Fort Morton, Fort Meikle, Fort Rice, down to Jerusalem plank road and Fort Davis and Fort Sedgwick, better known as Fort "Hell." Further on toward Hatcher's Run the forts are in a better state of preservation, some of them, notably Fort Fisher and Fort Davis, being almost unchanged in appearance since being abandoned, except for growth of brush and small timber. The confederate works, including Fort Mahone (Fort Damnation), have largely disappeared in peanut and sweet potato fields. Fort Mahone, which faced Fort Sedgwick on the Jerusalem plank road, has disappeared and left no trace, but its grim opponent still stands in majestic ruin, impressively suggestive of the vast and massive character of the earthwork.

Fort "Hell" was an immense work, and remains now in huge tumuli, deep moats, great ridges that look as though turned by a gigantic plowshare, weed and brush covering bastions and salients, high mounds where the magazines stood, and deep ruts marking the old covered ways. The country is perfectly flat, and 1,500 feet across the plain, bunches of peanut stacks mark the site of Fort Mahone. Every inch of this country has been fought over back and forth scores of times, and for ten months the cannon boomed and the musketry roared and death rode on the winds in this place of dreadful recollections.

Fort Morton, which faced the salient blown up by the mine, has been leveled, and some of the breastworks connecting it with the forts north and south of it. Fort Stedman is a pretty well preserved ruin, both it and the site of Fort Morton being but a few rods from dwelling houses.

The way up which the confederates came when they stormed and captured Fort Sedgwick is plain to view, and the natural difficulty prevented give one a better idea of the gallantry of that dash that caught the federals napping and took them in.

The Crater itself has never been touched by the profaning plowshare or spade. The works on either side have melted away under the hand of the husbandman, but the bloody old crater has been shunned and spared. Of course, the "Crater" itself has been filled in to some extent by rain washes and vegetable deposit, and the highest mounds beaten down a trifle, but in the main the place remains unchanged since the close of the war.

You stand upon the edge of the Crater over which the opposing lines fought in fierce hand-to-hand struggles with swords, pistols, knives, clubbed muskets and bayonets, and look down into that terrible hole of dark and dreadful memories. From that contracted space four hundred corpses have been dug, and no one knows how many more remain to this day. Facing you, only three hundred feet away, are the federal outworks, for here the two lines were separated for long, bloody months by only that space. From the rear of the mound marking the federal picket line straight up the slope to the edge of the Crater before you runs what appears to be a ditch. It is distinctly marked, being covered and filled with grass and weeds, while on either side the land is plowed. That marks the course of the old mine where it ran from down in the hollow within the the union lines up to and thirty feet under where you stand, its length being 310 feet. In and about the Crater peach trees are standing that grew from pits scattered about by the soldiers; indeed, these peach trees are thick all along the lines.

Back of you is Petersburg, in the distance Cemetery Hill, nearer and close by, the ravine, up which the confederates came to battle that morning, and the plain over which the fighting took place and across which the confederates of Mahone's brigade swept down in the final triumphant assault to retake the captured works.

You are gazing on the scene of events than which there is nothing more grim and ghastly in all the history of war. Here scenes more wild and dreadful than anything the imagination is able to conceive of were enacted.

Here, upon that fateful morning, before even the eastern sky hinted of dawn, the confederate soldiers lay sleeping around their guns, and all was quiet. Down in the bowels of the earth beneath them the enemy crawled through stifling passages, placing in position the last kegs of eight thousand pounds of gunpowder, and laying the train and making all ready. Beyond those federal lines and all along that valley stood the men who were to make the assault, in long, still, expectant lines. Battalion after battallion crept noiselessly up in the misty gloom, and silently passed into its appointed places and stood waiting the dread moment. They were men of Burnside's Ninth Corps, and among them were the colored troops of Ferrero's division. At this moment, back of the main lines, a hundred thousand men lay ready to advance on the second, and every one hundreds of guns along the federal lines for miles were surrounded by gun crews, and loaded and ready to fire.

This was the situation when, at half past 3, the fuse was lighted.

Upon the federal side men grasped their muskets nervously; they held their breath in awful suspense, and could hear their hearts beat in the black stillness.

The confederates slumbered on peacefully in the doomed fort, the men in their picket line, in the perfect quiet, almost forgetting to peep occasionally through the eyeholes in the breastworks looking toward the yankee works, three hundred feet away.

And all this time the little hissing, sputtering flame of the fuse was running along through the dark gallery, nearer and nearer to the 320 kegs of powder stored thirty feet beneath them.

Can we not think that to those sleeping soldiers there was some message told in some way from the Fate that directed the course of the yellow flame of the fuse. Did not some shadow of presentiment steal into their dreams as nearer and nearer the fuse-flame crept through the dark passages to the stored up thunders beneath them? Can we not well imagine a Divine Pity that shed into the dreams of these gallant men some glorious vision of light and beauty as their fate came upon them? Or did some one stir uneasily and mutter in his sleep just before the space between flame and powder vanished? Or did another raise upon his elbow as an awful unknown fear came upon him in the thick darkness that seemed stifling and gasp: "My God, what is it!" as the end came like the crack of doom!

Among them were the men of Pegram's battery, brave soldiers as ever lived and gallant young gentlemen of Petersburg. They were fighting in defense of their native city, in sight of their homes, and where they slept their feet had often strayed in boyish excursions about the old city.

There was the first faint streak of gray upon the eastern sky as the mine exploded.

Those waiting felt a strange thrill run through the earth, and then, said one, "It seemed as though the earth had exploded." The ground rocked under the tremendous recoil, as a solid mass of earth rose slowly two hundred feet in the air, the exploding gunpowder blazing through it like "lightning playing through a bank of clouds," seemed to hang poised an instant, and then with a vast roaring sound in showers of stones, broken timbers, cannon, blackened human limbs or bodies, it fell, and a heavy cloud of black smoke floated off.

The dreadful work had been thoroughly done. Where the Elliott salient had stood there was now a horrible chasm one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty feet wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet deep, and its brave garrison lay buried beneath the jagged blocks of blackened clay—in all, 256 officers and men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina, and twenty-two men of Pegram's battery.

Instantly the union batteries opened with every gun from Appomattox creek to Jerusalem plank road, from Fort McGilvery to Fort Davis, in horrid uproar. The air was alive with howling shot and screaming shells, and the valley shrowded in billowy smoke. The troops pressed forward into the crater and over the lines of the enemy, stunned and demoralized, and the day of carnage began.

This was the scene God's creatures prepared to greet God's sunlight as it broke in beauty upon that summer morning.

Hundreds of people have tried to tell the story of the Battle of the Crater, which began with the explosion at 4 in the morning and ended with the recapture by the confederates about 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The story can not be told. No language can adequately describe it. It can not be painted, for no colors are deep enough. Out of the mingled stories of cowardice, of bravery, of blundering, of incapacity, of savage vengeance and brutal butchery, we gather the picture that presents itself to the imagination, such as presented itself to Elder when he [illegible] but images in Mahone's house. The story from the federal side is not a proud one. Grant called it a "miserable affair," and summed up it was a disgraceful affair to the union army, and cost the lives of nearly five thousand men.

The troops were the poorest in the northern army, mixed white and black, and led by men who, if they possessed any knowledge, bravery or sense, failed to show it upon that occasion. There was individual gallantry and many exhibitions of high courage, and there was the most desperate and deadly fighting of the war, but in general there was no glory in the day for the yankees.

Our men huddled up in the Crater instead of pushing on to Cemetery Hill, as ordered, and soon an enfilading fire made it as dangerous to go back as to go forward.

It was not until 8 o'clock that the colored troops were sent in. They charged over the heads of the whites crowded in the Crater, swept over the crests cheering, and spread to the right, capturing two hundred prisoners and a flag.

A heavy fire of artillery and musketry sent them back to add to the confusion in the Crater and the numbers in that horrible mixture of men, alive, wounded and dead, and ghastly debris of the explosion.

The confederates trained their heavy guns upon this red slaughter pen and dropped shells into the frenzied masses. The confederates charged repeatedly and poured volleys into the crater.

Back and forth over the edge the men fought in desperate dashes. They threw hand grenades over. The confederates lighted bombshells and rolled them over the parapet into the crater.

Says Swinton: "After the repulse of the colored division all semblance of offensive efforts ceased; blacks and whites tumbled pell-mell into the hollow of the exploded earthworks a slaughter pen, in which shells and bombs rained from the enemy's lines did fearful havoc."

The reoccupation should be told from the other side, for the glory of the day was with them.

Captain W. Gorden McCabe, a confederate historian, who was present, says of the retaking of the lost works spreading north from the Crater:

"Scarcely had the order been given when the head of the Virginia brigade began to debouch from the covered way. Mahone stood at the angle, speaking quietly and cheerily to his men. Silently and quickly they moved out and formed with that precision dear to every soldier's eye—the sharpshooters leading, followed by the Sixth, Sixteenth, Sixty-first, Forty-first and Twelfth Virginia—the men of second Manassas and Crumpton Gap. The men were ordered not to fire until they reached the edge of the ditch.

"Now the leading regiments of the Georgia brigade began to move out, when suddenly a brave federal officer, seizing the colors, called on his men to charge. Weisiger shouted, 'Forward!' The sharpshooters and men of the Sixth on the right, running swiftly forward, for theirs was the greatest distance to travel, the whole line sprang upon the crest, and then burst from more than eight hundred warlike voices that fierce yell that no man ever yet heard unmoved in the field of battle. Storms of cannon shot from the right mingled with the tempest of bullets that smote them from the front, yet was there no answering volley. Still pressing forward with steady fury, while the enemy appalled by the inexorable advance gave ground, they reached the ditch of the inner works; then one volley crashed from the whole line, and clutching their empty guns and redoubling their fierce cries, they leaped over the astrenched-cavalier, and all down the line the dreadful work of the bayonet began. How long it lasted none may say with certainty, for in those fierce moments no man heeded time, no man asked, no man gave quarter."

Several charges by the confederates were beaten back in bloody repulses by the federal troops, and from the vast rim of the Crater a steady storm of bullets poured upon Mahone's men, and every gun on the southern side was pointed at that place.

Says McCabe:

"And now the scene within the horrid pit might be fitly portrayed only by the pencil of Dante after he had trod 'nine-circled hell.' Fit they were [illegible] great mortars to the right and left [illegible] shells fell at regular intervals with [illegible] and burst among the helpless [illegible] together, and every explosion [illegible] piteous cries, and often-times the very air seemed darkened by flying human limbs. Haskell, too, had moved up his Eprouvette mortars among the men of the Sixteenth Virginia—so close, indeed, that his powder charge was but one ounce and a half—and, without intermission, the storm of fire beat upon the helpless men imprisoned within. Mahone's men watched with great interest this easy method of reaching troops behind cover, and then gathered up the countless muskets, with bayonets fixed, abandoned by the enemy, and propelled them with such nice skill that they came down upon Ledlie's men like the rain of the Normen arrows at Hastings.

"When all had been retaken but the Crater, the confederate batteries ceased firing upon it, and preparations were made for assault. Happily, before the assaulting party could be formed, a white handkerchief, made fast to a ramrod, appeared over the edge of the Crater, and after a brief pause a motly crowd of prisoners poured over the sides and ran for their lives to the rear."

In this battle the federals lost about 5,000 in killed and wounded, and 1,100 prisoners. Two brigade commanders were captured and twenty-one flags according to the authority quoted.

The confederate loss was very heavy, too, the destructfulness of the fighting being shown by the fact that the Sixth Virginia, with 98 men, lost 88, one company from Norfolk having every man killed. The sharpshooters had 80 men and lost 64, among them their commander, William Broadbent, a man, says McCabe, "of prodigious strength and activity, who, leaping first over the works, fell pierced by eleven bayonet wounds—a simple captain, of whom we may say, as was said of Ridge 'No man died that day with more glory, yet, many died and there was much glory.'"

The man who owns the farm charges visitors a quarter a head and conducts them about. Bullets and other relics are still plenty. I picked up several bullets in the plowed fields, and also a piece of shell inside the Crater itself. There is a building full of relics picked up by Mr. Griffin, the owner of the place. Three of them are particularly interesting. One is made by two bullets meeting in the air, striking point to point in exact range. The result is a disk of lead as large as a silver dollar, and about as thick, with the base of the yankee bullet showing in the center on one side, and the rebel bullet on the other. Had these bullets passed each other the fate of the men firing them would not be hard to reckon.

Another queer relic is a confederate musket, in the barrel of which two bullets met, splitting the barrel open like a banana peel. There the two bullets can be seen.

The rebel bullet had got about one-third of the way out when it met the prying yankee bullet on its way in, and then there was trouble at once. Of course the yankee bullet had no business in there, or at least it should have waited until the other got out, but it undoubtedly was better for the holder of the gun that it went in the barrel than in his eye.

Another relic which tells a ghastly story is a union cross belt plate. These plates, as many will remember, were circular, and worn on the cartridge box strap, and so came about over the heart, while the belt plate was eliptical and came about over the stomach. Both bore the letters "U. S." Through the plate picked up has passed a bullet, making a huge hole, and of course the ball must have passed into or through the body of the wearer.

One musket shown has the marks of eight bullets upon it. Two of them are flattened into the iron of the barrel and remain there. It was evidently pretty lively times in the vicinity of the soldier that carried that gun.

There are thousands of other relics—cups, canteens, sabers, bayonets, pistols, shells, shoes, pictures, letters, etc., making a most interesting collection. There have been tons and tons of lead and iron carried away from the fields by relic hunters and the supply seems inexhaustible. Every fresh plowing and rain discloses them and you can hardly dig in vain in the leaves and dirt in any direction. Indian arrow-heads, axe-heads and other Indian relics are found also and a little deeper any quantity of fossil remains of marine life. Sharks' teeth, shells and huge bones of old ocean monsters are plenty. It is a locality with a history that did not begin with the Crater fight.

One day while Mr. Griffin was showing a party of northern men around, one of them said: "I am reminded of an incident that occurred here. I had charge of a gun over there in the works near Fort Morton. On Sunday while there was no firing going on, and we were loafing about, I saw a man come over that hill by the cemetery and come down across this slope toward the rear of the confederate lines. His comfortable and serene manner irritated me, and I made up my mind to see how close I could come to him, and we all chuckled at the idea of scaring the life out of him. I took good aim and landed a shot about six feet from him. You ought to have seen him git up and git. He was the scardest and most demoralized Johnny Reb you ever saw. He went on at a rate that would run a dog to death, and we roared with cheers and laughter to see him dust."

"So you are the man that fired that shot, are you?" asked Griffin.

"Yes; do you know anything about it?"

"Well, I think I do," was the reply. "I was the fellow you shot at. I was a lad coming with something for my father, who was in the works. I did not suppose there was a yankee fool enough or mean enough to shoot a cannon at one little boy carrying grub to his father. But you don't exaggerate the scare. I didn't grow another inch in a year."

The incident caused hearty laughter, and another and more successful attempt to shoot Mr. Griffin was made with a different sort of a gun, which one of the gentlemen pulled from his inside breast pocket.

Such of the confederate dead as were ever removed from the graves in which they were first placed have been buried in the confederate cemetery on Cemetery Hill. There is a pathos in the poverty of the place when one compares it with the beautiful and carefully tended national cemeteries where the federal dead sleep, their graves kept green, their story told in marble and the flag kept floating above their last resting place.

Here there is nothing of that, no such posthumous honors for the brave men who died for the lost cause.

Only a mile or two away is a national cemetery, with green mounds, its hedges and foliage and flowers and handsome buildings and monument and flags and three thousand white marble headstones.

Here the boys who wore the gray sleep in graves unmarked. There has been designed an extensive cemetery, but it has not been kept up.

Here and there are poor little wooden crosses bearing such mottoes as "Our Brave Boys," "Though Dead, They Live in Our Hearts," "Rest, Gallant Souls," "They will Rise Again," "After the Battle, Peace," and many others.

It was enough to bring tears to one's eyes to read these loving and simple mottoes painted upon the cheap wooden crosses and see the evidences of the people's desire to tenderly preserve the memories of their loved and lost who died bravely in a mistaken cause, while their poverty has held them back. A large arch is being erected of galvanized iron over the entrance to the soldier part of the cemetery. Upon it are the words, "Our Confederate Dead."

The most notable thing in the grounds is the granite mausoleum erected for Mahone. It is a very solid, handsome structure, and bears the letter "M" carved over the heavy doors.

Of Petersburg very much of interest can be written, for it is a historic city, but the Crater was my object in this letter, as it was the object of the federal charge on that bloody morning twenty-one years ago.

F. D. M.

The Increase of Insanity.

In this country is over SIX FOLD each decade. This fearful increase is alarming to every one who holds the well being of his fellow man at heart. This could all be prevented if the youth of this generation were properly educated. The required knowledge is explicitly and concisely conveyed in Dr. William Humboldt Parker's best medical work the "Science of Life," just revised and enlarged. It is advertised in another column.

Tother From Vitch.

From the Mobile Register.

We should think that, as the Servians and Bulgarians are so like each other, it would be hard to tell vitch is vitch.

PURE MALT WHISKY.

THE ONLY CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

HIGH MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

From the Baltimore Times.

In the United States of America there is probably no disease which is of such universal interest as consumption. The reason for this special interest is the fact that the numberless causes which leads to its development tend to leave few households where there has not been at least one death from it. The public, as well as the medical profession, have long ago decided that medicinal agents having the character of a food, are the only things that have any value in the treatment of this disease. For many years it was supposed that beef tea was valuable as a food; it is now entirely discarded by physicians, having no value. Cod-liver oil, from its indigestible quality, has also been abandoned, the only result from it being an occasional case where an unhealthy increase of fat was obtained from it. The difficulty with all consumptives comes largely from the fact, that the stomach of the consumptive is very weak.

To overcome this difficulty there is nothing like Pure Malt Whisky. There is not an article to-day that enters so largely into medical practice for the treatment of the sick and debilitated as alcohol in the form of whisky, and there is not an intelligent physician in the country but who prescribes it, or a hospital but what requires it on hand constantly. In its pure state it is acknowledged to be the best stimulant and the only cure for such diseases as consumption, hemorrhages, malaria and dyspepsia, and it will no doubt cause astonishment when we inform you, backed up by statistics, that nearly one-sixth of all whiskies sold in this country today is dispensed through the mediums of druggists and grocers. So important is the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease that Professor Austin Flint, of the Bellevue Hospital medical college, New York, (professor of the principles and practice of medicine), in his article, entitled "Medical and Sanitary Progress," which appeared in "The First Century of the Republic," says: "The judicious use of alcoholic stimulants is one of the striking characteristics of progress in the practice of medicine during the last half century." Two ounces of alcohol contain more nutriment than ten ounces of meat. It is the only thing that enters the blood direct without effort on the part of the stomach. It is, therefore, peculiarly fitted for the weak and debilitated. Of the importance of purity in all articles used in the treatment of disease, too much cannot be said. The presence of fusel oil and its irritating qualities in the past have been the objectionable elements in whisky. Now, however, the public and the medical profession have in Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky an article which already has received so much commendation that its character and value are fully established. In addition to the good to be derived from their whisky for consumption, all wasting diseases and all weak and debilitated conditions, the Duffy Malt Whisky Company of Baltimore, Md., are furnishing a formula which was prepared for their special use by an eminent German scientist, consisting principally of raw beefsteak and ingredients which any housekeeper can get and mix, combined with their Pure Malt Whisky. On receipt of a two-cent stamp a formula will be sent to all parties using their whisky, under the seal of the company. Whenever it has been used regularly as directed, it has added on an average from six to eight pounds to the weight, in the period of one month. This result is guaranteed where it is used as directed. One difficulty with consumptives is, their disinclination to use any remedy a sufficient length of time to give it a fair trial. The Duffy Malt Whisky company has received so many inquiries concerning this formula, and its fitness for the many diseases which, if neglected, end in consumption, that they have found it necessary to add a medical staff to their other business facilities, which staff they place at the disposal of their patrons free of charge for consultations.

A few testimonials are herewith given as a sample of letters being received from the medical profession:

DR. FRED. A. SAWERS, M. D., S. R. C. P., (Lond.), etc., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have frequently prescribed your Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky in my practice here. I consider it a very superior and reliable article, and can heartily recommend it in low states of fevers, acute inflammations, and in depressing maladies generally; also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convalescence from acute diseases when an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, and especially in Phthisis Pulmonalis (Consumption)."

DR. W. S. CLINE, Tom's Creek, Shenandoah county, Va., writes: "I find Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky a strictly pure article, free from hurtful impurities, and just the article for tuberculous patients. Will prescribe it."

DR. C. D. BALL, of Wilmington, Del., writes: "I fully tested the merits and purity of your Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, and I am thoroughly convinced of its superiority over all other whiskys. In convalescing cases of typhoid fever, and in many low and weakened conditions of the system, I recommend it to all who have never given it a trial."

DR. F. LE SIEUR WEIR, 860 East Thompson street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I have used your Pure Malt Whisky in cases of so-called general debility and broken-down constitutions and undoubted consumption, as a tonic and element of recuperation."

Hundreds of similar letters might be presented, repeating the same facts. The testimony of those who have received benefit is more striking and interesting. Commencing with infantile consumption, we give a few sample cases and their results. Many identical ones might be added.

MR. J. A. RINGROSE, 174 Battery avenue, Baltimore, Md., writes: "My twin babies of five months suffered with pains since their birth, at times having their limbs to draw up and become stiff, expecting them to go into convulsions. These pains were caused, no doubt, by irregularity of the bowels, the children becoming emaciated. After trying treatment of local remedies, as well as medical treatment, without avail, and with the loss of rest to myself and wife, we thought it impossible to save the little ones, and as a last resort, seeing your notice in the paper, we resolved to try one bottle of your Malt Whisky, and we are glad we did; the result was wonderful. It relieved the babies at once, producing a natural, quiet sleep, relieving them of wind and pain, restoring their bowels to a normal condition, thriving wonderfully. While generally opposed to intoxicating liquors as a medical preparation, I don't think your Malt Whisky can be beat."

MRS. H. E. FAIRALL (professional nurse), 491 E. street, southwest, Washington, D. C., writes: "I first practically tested its merits in the case of two debilitated and sickly children, twins, who as is usually the case with twins) were weak and puny at birth. In less than three months they were as big, fat and healthy as any children I have ever seen. Another instance, and one wherein the most remarkable results were accomplished, was the case of a child so hopelessly ill as to be given up to die by the attending physicians. I used Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, combined with milk, and in one month the child was entirely cured."

MR. A. J. MERRILL, editor Ledger, Pocomoke City, Md., writes: "I have been using the Duffy Malt Whisky for two years in my family. I got it originally for a delicate child, then but three years old, and which I never expected to be able to raise. Have given the whisky to the child ever since, and she is today in the best of health and as hearty as any child of her age. I attribute her present good health entirely to your excellent whisky. My wife uses it for general debility with good results."

In childhood many escape, but the seed is sown that later on will develop, and though declared incurable, it can and has been cured.

MR. JOHN PELINGFELDER, 538 Master street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "In reference to your whisky and consumption cure, I must say that they are excellent. I have had them in use for nearly one year, and in that time my family has been greatly benefited, especially my eldest daughter, who was always in delicate health. She is now 16 years of age this month, and is strong and hearty. I have given her three tablespoonfuls a day. It was for her that I wanted the consumption cure. I think it was lucky that I got it, for the mother died of consumption when the daughter was six years of age, and the physician said the child would not live to be over fourteen years of age; now she is sixteen years of age, and the doctor is dead, and died of consumption of the lungs. In conclusion, I will say that your whisky and consumption cure will save many lives if the people will take it. It is decidedly the best strengthening article that I have ever seen, and we have tried a great many things before we came to you."

In the prime of life it seizes those who least expect it. In a case of this kind the following was received from:

MR. SOLOMON WELL, a well-known Baltimorean: "In December last I was suddenly stricken at my hotel with a severe hemorrhage, losing about one gallon of blood at the first attack and large quantities frequently thereafter. My case was considered hopeless from the start, and so certain were my friends that I would die, that they actually arranged for my funeral. On the 30th of December I was removed to the Hebrew hospital, and was there ordered by my physician to use cod liver oil and whisky. On advice, the whisky used was your famous Pure Malt. In a short time I discarded the oil, using only your whisky. I feel that I owe my life to the saving qualities and purity of your whisky, and earnestly recommend it to any person suffering from pulmonary complaints or hemorrhage."

One of the best known Sisters of Charity in the United States is the venerable and distinguished Mother Superior Hieronymo, at one time pursuing her beneficent calling in this state. This estimable lady has been in charge of some of the largest curative institutions of the country, and her opinion, therefore, is enritled to great weight.

MOTHER SUPERIOR HIERONYMO, Rochester Home of Industry, Rochester, N. Y., 250 S. St. Paul street, writes: "It gives me great pleasure to recommend Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, which I have used with great satisfaction with consumptives in the last stages of that dread disease. Aside from its medicinal properties, it is very mild. The patient can retain it when all other stimulants fail. I recommend it to all."

MRS. ANNE M. GRIMES, 63 North Central avenue, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I must tell you how much I value your Pure Malt Whisky. I have been very ill; my friends all thought I must die with consumption. Your Malt Whisky has certainly benefited me very much. I was so sick and weak that they had to hold me up and give me the Malt Whisky. My doctor told them to give me two teaspoonfuls every four hours, in as much water or milk; then, when I began to improve, I must take it three times a day in the same quantity—and I shall use it while I can get it. I hope that those who suffer may hear of it and be benefited, as I have been."

MR. N. B. CARDEN, in the office of the clerk of the district court, Marysville, Marshall county, Kansas, writes: "I am still using Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky, and it is doing me more good than anything that I have ever taken for my lungs. Have improved over so much this fall. If my lungs get the least bit stopped up and cough tight I soon losen them with Duffy's."

MR. H. B. STRICKLAND, Danville, Pa., writes: "Find check for $10 for Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky with receipt for consumption. It is recommended for my son, 20 years old." Again: "Find $10. It is doing my son a great amount of good. He is thriving rapidly from its use."

MR. M. V. NEIGHBOURS, Osage Mission, Kansas, writes: "I have received your consumption prescription and used it according to directions, and am now feeling better in health and weigh twenty-five pounds more since its use than at any time before in my life. I would surely recommend the Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky and consumption cure."

For sale by druggists, grocers and dealers everywhere. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Persons east of the Rocky mountains unable to procure it from dealers can have a Half Dozen sent, in plain case, unmarked, express charges prepaid, by remitting SIX DOLLARS to

THE DUFFY MALT WHISKY CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

All persons using Duffy's Pure Malt Whisky are invited to avail themselves of the services of our Medical Staff at all times, free of charge.

Announcements.

CITIZENS' TICKET.

For Alderman:
CHAS. A. COLLIER.

For Councilmen to Register now:
First Ward—WM. KINYON.
Second Ward—I. S. MITCHELL.
Third Ward—E. A. ANGIER.
Fourth Ward—A. L. GREEN.
Fifth Ward—JAMES BELL.
Sixth Ward—DR. G. G. ROY.

Election December 2d, 1885.

I am a candidate for the office of Tax Collector Fulton county, and respectfully solicit the votes of my fellow citizens. C. W. Wells will be associated with me in the office if elected on the 30th, December, 1885. JAMES M. WILSON.
d til d

JOHN T. HALL is a candidate for Tax Collector. If elected, J. H. ROBINSON, formerly with Judge Clayton, will be his assistant.

I am a candidate for the office of Tax Collector of Fulton county. Having been appointed by the county commissioners to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge W. W. Clayton, and entered upon the duties of the office. My time will be closely occupied with the duties pertaining to it until the time appointed for the election, and will not have but little time to canvass for votes. I therefore respectfully ask my friends and citizens generally to bear me in mind and give me their support for the office on the day of election. Mr. J M. McAfee is associated with me in the office.
W. A. POWELL.
Election Wednesday, December 30th, 1885.
aug30d.t

Wood Carpet and Solid Parquet Floors.
3-8 and 7-8 inch.
Borders for Rugs, Wholesale and Retail.
WILLIAM HANNAM & CO., 293 Fifth avenue, New York. Send 2 cent stamp for designs and prices.
sats monds&weds

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE,
RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILWAY SYSTEM.
The Great Through Car Route, With Double Daily Trains
And Through Sleeping Car Service Complete
BETWEEN THE
SOUTH AND NORTH.
72 MILES SHORTER AND 8 HOURS QUICKER
THAN ANY OTHER ROUTE
TO WASHINGTON AND THE EAST.
Richmond and Danville Railroad Time One Hour Faster than Atlanta City Time.

Shedule in effect Nov. 15th, 1885.	Mail and Express No. 53.	Express No. 51.
Leave Atlanta (City Time)	7 40 a m	5 10 p m
Leave Atlanta (R. & D. Time	8 40 a m	6 10 p m
Arrive Lulu	10 55 a m	8 52 p m
" Seneca	12 51 p m	11 07 p m
" Greenville	2 23 p m	12 40 a m
" Charlotte	6 10 p m	5 00 a m
" Salisbury	7 47 p m	6 39 a m
" Greensboro	9 18 p m	8 30 a m
" Danville	1 07 p m	10 36 a m
" Lynchburg	1 00 a m	1 00 p m
" Charlottville	3 55 a m	4 20 p m
" Washington	8 00 a m	9 15 p m
" Baltimore	9 35 a m	11 30 p m
" Philadelphia	12 45 p m	3 00 a m
" New York	3 20 p m	6 50 a m
" Boston	10 30 p m	3 30 p m
Leave Danville	12 05 a m	10 55 a m
Arrive Burkville	3 57 a m	2 00 p m
" Richmond	7 00 a m	4 07 p m
" Norfolk	12 noon	12 noon

GAINESVILLE ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Atlanta city time	4 30 p m
Arrive Gainesville	6 40 p m
RETURNING.	
Leave Gainesville city time	6 00 a m
Arrive Atlanta	8 20 a m

Only 31 Hours Transit ATLANTA TO NEW YORK.
The only line running Pullman Buffett and Sleeping Cars, without change, Atlanta to New York via Washington.
Berths secured and numbers given ten days in advance in these cars. Train number 53 has Pullman Pdlace cars New Orleans to Washington.
Train number 51 has Pullman Buffet and Sleeping car New Orleans to Washington and Atlanta to New York.

Two Daily Trains for Athens, Georgia, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

E. BERKELY, Superintendent, Atlanta, Ga.
C. W. CHEARS, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt. Atlanta Ga.
M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va.
C. E. SERGEANT, City Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Time Card prepared by Station Master J. S. Armstrong, of the Union Passenger Depot, showing the arrival and departure of all trains in the city:

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
CENTRAL RAILROAD.	
From Savannah* 7 30 am	To Savannah* 6 30 pm
" Barn'sv'l* 8 30 am	To Macon* 2 45 pm
" Macon* 12 40 pm	To Savannah* 7 40 pm
"Savannah* 10 30 pm	To Bainesville* 4 00 pm
WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.	
From Chata'ga* 6 10 am	To Chattanooga* 7 50 am
" Marietta 3 00 am	To Chattanooga* 1 30 pm
" Rome 10 10 am	To Rome 1 30 pm
" Chata'go* 2 25 pm	To Marietta 5 30 pm
" Chata'ga* 7 35 pm	To Chattanooga* 6 30 pm
	To Chattanooga* 10 45 pm
ATLANTA AND WEST POINT RAILROAD.	
From Selma* 3 00 am	To Opelika 7 35 am
" LaGrange 9 15 am	To Selma* 1 30 pm
" Selma* 1 10 pm	To LaGrange 1 30 pm
" Opelika 4 15 pm	To Selma* 12 00 m
GEORGIA RAILROAD.	
From Augusta* 6 45 am	To Augusta* 8 00 am
" Covington 7 55 am	To Decatur 9 35 am
" Decatur 10 40 am	To Clarkston 1 25 pm
" Augusta* 1 00 pm	To Augusta* 1 25 pm
" Clarkston 3 30 pm	To Covington 5 30 pm
" Augusta* 5 40 pm	To Augusta* 8 15 pm
RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.	
From Gain'sv'e 8 25 am	To Charlotte* 7 40 am
" Charlo'e* 12 40 pm	To Gainesville 4 30 pm
" Charlo'e* 10 00 pm	To Charlotte* 8 00 pm
GEORGIA PACIFIC RAILWAY.	
From Bir'g'm* 7 15 am	To Birming'm* 8 05 am
" Birm'g'm* 9 30 am	To Birming'm* 4 30 pm
" Birm'g'm* 8 pm	To Birming'm* 10 00 pm
EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA AND GEORGIA RAILROAD.	
From Ch'tan'a* 3 40 am	To Macon* 3 20 am
" Chat'n'a* 3 30 pm	To Brunswick* 4 00 pm
" Br'nsw'k* 10 30 pm	To Chattan'ga* 10 45 pm
" Br'nsw'k* 10 45 am	To Chattan'go* 12 05 pm

Trains marked thus (*) are daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

W. H. PATTERSON,
BOND AND STOCK BROKER,
24 Pryor Street.

WANTED—
Long date Atlanta bonds,
Georgia Pacific first mortgage bonds,
Georgia railroad stock,
A. & W. P. railroad debentures,
Confederate bonds.

I have a client who wants to loan money on central business or residence property.

HUMPHREYS CASTLEMAN,
BROKER AND DEALER IN
Bonds & Stocks,
Office No. 12 East Alaba St., Atlanta, Ga.

I have been appointed agent for the sale of the new 4½ per cent 30 year state of Georgia bonds. Applications in person or by letter will receive courteous and prompt attention. Will sell the new bonds outright or exchange them for 6's, 7's or 8's maturing in 1886, or will buy the bonds maturing in 1886 at highest market price.
HUMPHREYS CASTLEMAN.

L. J. HILL, President, | Edw'd S. McCandless, Cashier. | A. W. HILL, Vice President.
—THE—
GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK
OF ATLANTA.
Designated Depository
—OF

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—THE—
GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK
—OF ATLANTA,—
Designated Depository
—THE—
United States.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $300,000.
Accounts of BANKS, MERCHANTS, CORPORATIONS and INDIVIDUALS respectfully solicited. Collections promptly made and remitted for. WILL ACT as AGENT for the INVESTMENT of IDLE and SURPLUS FUNDS of BANKS or INDIVIDUALS.
In our active and growing city, money is always in demand. Our rates reasonable. Give us a trial. We have a SAVINGS DEPARTMENT in which we issue TIME CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT bearing FOUR PER CENT INTEREST.
aug 27 d&wly tf fi n co.

J. W. PHILLIPS & CO.
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants
71 South Broad Street,
Atlanta, - - - - Georgia
—Telephone 441.—
We sell anything sent us. Make correct and prompt returns. Can give the best reference our credit affords. Send us your stuff.
Our specialty: Georgia, Florida and Tennessee Produce.

KOUNTZE BROTHERS,
BANKERS,
No. 120 Broadway, - - - - - New York
DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS RECEIVED from banks, bankers, merchants and others, and interest allowed on balances.
Advances made to correspondents on approved business paper or other good collateral.
Letters of credit issued. Collections made. Government bonds and other securities bought and sold on commission.
wed sat mon

G. W. ADAIR.....Auctioneer
4-Room Cottage, Corner Plum and Pine Streets.
I WILL SELL UPON THE PREMISES AT 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Wednesday, December 2, 1885, a lot on the corner of Plum and Pine streets, one hundred feet east of Marietta street car line, with a nice, new, cosy 4-room cottage, having hall, bathroom, verandah, etc.
This is a tastefully constructed cottage, in a locality where property always rents. Titles perfect. Sale without reserve.
Terms cash. Be there.
G. W. ADAIR.
nov 22, 24, 26, 30, 2 dec 2.

U. S. Marshall's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A FIERI FACIAS, ISSURD out of the circuit court of the United States for the northern district of Georgia, in favor of the plaintiff, in the following stated case, to-wit: Robertson & Co. vs. Henry W. Jones. I have this day levied upon as the property of the defendant, Henry W. Jones, the following described property: Lots numbers eleven, (11) twelve, (12) one, (1) two, (2) and three, (3) of block twelve (12) in Toccoa, Habersham county, Georgia. On lots, numbers eleven and twelve (11-12) is the dwelling house now occupied by Henry W. Jones. Said lots, numbers 11 and 12, fronting 50 feet each on Doyle street and running back 100 feet to an alley. Said alley separating lots Nos. 11 and 12 from lots 1, 2 and 3, and said lots 1, 2 and 3 being 50 by 100 feet and fronting on Tugalo street; property bounded on the east by lot of A. M. Hamem, on the east by Broad street, on the north by Tugalo street, on the south by Doyle street, and will sell the same at public outcry before the courthouse door of Fulton county, city of Atlanta on the first Tuesday in December next, between the legal hours of sale to satisfy said fi fa.
JOHN W. NELMS, U. S. Marshal.
Dated at Atlanta, October 31st, 1885.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, early decay, loss of manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for self-cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

U. S. Marshal's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF FIERI FACIAS ISSUED out of the Circuit court of the United States for the northern district of Georgia in favor of the plaintiff in the following stated case to-wit: Dyer, Taylor & Co. vs. Henry W. Jones. I have this day levied upon, as the property of the defendant, Henry W. Jones, the following described property: Five lots fronting on railroad twenty-five (100) feet each and running back one hundred (100) feet to an alley, known as lots Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 in block No. 25, in Toccoa, Habersham county, Georgia, same having a livery stable thereon. Said property being bounded on the east by lots of J. Sage, on the west by Alexander street, on the north by Richmond and Danville railroad, on the south by an alley, and will sell the same at public outcry before the courthouse door of Fulton county, city of Atlanta and state of Georgia, on the first Tuesday in December next, between the legal hours of sale. Property pointed out by defendant.
JOHN W. NELMS, U. S. Marshal.
Dated at Atlanta, Ga., October 31st, 1885.

THE CONSTITUTION.
THROUGH THE CITY.

Fun Pictures of Events Occurring in Atlanta Yesterday and Last Night.

THE BABY IN THE WELL.—The baby that was found in the well by Martha Jones, on Wheat street, Saturday morning, is alive and doing well. The detectives have a good clue to the mother, and will probably make some sensational developments in a few days.

AFTER THE BATTLE.—The following beautiful and manly utterances occurred in Dr. Hawthorne's sermon on yesterday morning, a synopsis of which is published in this morning's CONSTITUTION:

"If in the heat of battle, when arrows, tipped with venom, fell thick and fast upon me, I uttered words, not tempered with moderation and prudence, I have the manhood to confess it and ask forgiveness."

THEY HAVE GONE.—The Third artillery United States troops left Atlanta for Florida yesterday. The Third has been camped near Atlanta for the past six months, and the officers and men leave with the good will of Atlanta. The officers have proven themselves polite, affable and agreeable gentlemen, as well as good soldiers. The privates have behaved much better than any body of soldiers that has ever visited Atlanta.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR TICKETS.—Tom McCandless, the well known passenger agent, yesterday sold one man fourteen hundred dollars worth of railroad tickets. The purchaser was a South Carolinian who is now en route to California. Every ticket was purchased for a member of his family. His oldest child was twenty-one and his youngest four years of age. There were eighteen in the party.

MISS FICKLIN'S CONDITION.—Miss Ficklin, the young lady who fell into the basement of the new building, on Hunter street, on Friday night last, is in a dangerous condition. The young lady's face is considerably scratched up, but the wounds fortunately will not leave scars. Her attending physicians fear that she has sustained internal injuries. She suffers great pain in the back and left shoulder, and at one time Saturday night was delirious. Her friends are quite uneasy about her, but have not given up all hopes.

OLLIN THE BANJOIST.—Jim Ollin, the banjo picker, who was so severely knifed in the Decatur saloon night before last, was somewhat better yesterday. Allin remained at police headquarters all Saturday night, and early yesterday morning Dr. Van Goidtsnovan examined and dressed his wounds again, and he was then sent to his home on Harris street. Allin suffered a great deal Saturday night and slept but little, so intense was the pain in his jaw. Dr. Van Goidtsnovan thinks Allin will recover if he remains perfectly quiet. The detectives have been searching diligently for his assailant, but so far without success.

A BROKEN WINDOW.—About eight o'clock last night some malicious person threw a cast iron drawer knob from a window in the third story of the Kimball house, across Decatur, against one of the large plate glass in John M. Hill & Co.'s front. The glass was broken to pieces, leaving a hole large enough for a man to crawl through. The noise made by the breaking glass attracted the attention of Patrolman Carlyle, who was on the beat, and he began an investigation, but while he was standing in front of the broken glass trying to guess from whence it came a large lump of coal was thrown from the same window. The coal struck the patrolman's foot. The person who did the throwing has not yet been located.

SERIOUSLY BURNED.—Caroline Williams, an old colored woman, who lives on Larkin street, was burned nearly to death yesterday morning. The old woman had just eaten her breakfast and was washing the dishes when her dress came in contact with the fire as she was passing the fireplace. Almost instantly all the clothing the woman had on was on fire, and as soon as she felt the heat and realized her perilous position, she lost presence of mind, and ran out into the yard shrieking with the intense agony, and calling piteously for help. Her cries were heard by some neighbors who ran to her side and by whom the old woman was rolled upon the ground and drenched with water. When the fire was extinguished the negress was carried into the house. Her sufferings were terrible. Great patches of skin and flesh adhered to what little of her clothing that was left when they were pulled off. A physician was called in and did what he could to relieve her suffering. Late last night the old woman was in a perilous condition.

A SNEAK THIEF'S ARREST.

He is Detected in a Hallway—The Chase and His Pistol Play.

Yesterday afternoon a sneak thief entered Mr. Richards's house on Jones avenue, and was in the act of lifting an overcoat and a hat off the hatrack in the hallway when a member of the family entered the hall.

The instant the thief saw that he was detected he dropped the overcoat, but holding to the hat skipped out. The alarm was given, and by the time the thief reached the yard gate Mr. Richards was in hot pursuit. The negro sprang into the street and started off at rapid speed. Mr. Richards followed, and by yelling "stop thief" attracted the attention of several neighbors, who joined in the chase. Among others who followed the fleeing thief was Mr. R. K. Paul, who proved a swift runner, and in a few seconds was leading the pursuing party and was gaining rapidly on the thief who, seeing that he was likely to be overtaken, quietly drew a pistol from his pocket as he ran, and suddenly wheeling around presented the weapon and asked Mr. Paul to stop. Mr. Paul was unarmed, and believing discretion the better part of valor, stopped. Then the negro turned around and started off again, but as he moved away Mr. Paul kept him in view until he encountered Patrolmen Wooten and Sheridan to whom he related what had transpired. He then pointed out the negro, and the officers quickly accomplished his arrest. At police headquarters the darky gave his name as Law Zachery. He still had the pistol and hat. Zachery was booked for larceny from the house, for carrying concealed weapons and for pointing a pistol at another.

PAYING THEM BACK.

The Saloon Keepers Boycotting the Drinker's Who Voted Dry.

The Atlanta saloon keepers are paying the prohibitionists who drink back in their own coin.

A few days ago a pronounced prohibitionist who some times takes on a little too much entered one of the finest saloons in the city, and stepping up to the counter said:

"A beer, please."

"Have none" answered the barkeeper, "will let you know when the next arrives."

"Oh, well give me a whisky then," said the prohibitionist.

"No guess not" answered the man of drinks, "this town has gone dry."

The man did not get the drink.

On Saturday another blue ribbon man who is fond of a drink entered the Reading Room on Marietta street, and, sitting down, ordered a drink. The barkeeper declined to sell him. Soon a party of red ribbon men came in and wanted seats. The barkeeper walked up to the prohibitionist and said:

"Please get out; we need the chairs for customers."

The man got.

Electric Street Cars.

The negotiations pending between Mr. Walter T. Forbes and the West End railroad company for electric machinery with which to propel the cars on the West End line have not been concluded. Mr. Forbes has closed a contract with the Montgomery street railroad company to put in the machinery to run the cars there. The street cars at South Bend, Indiana, are being run by electricity. A wire about as big as a cedar pencil runs along the track fifteen feet from the ground and connects with machinery in the car that propels the whole concern when the electricity is turned on from a dynamo at the end of the route.

MILLER'S LOSS.

A FOWDER SPRINGS MAN VICTIMIZED IN ATLANTA.

He Comes to the City Saturday Morning and Attends to His Business Affairs During the Day—After Dark He Walks Around and Takes an Occasional Drink—He is Robbed.

Early yesterday morning a man named Miller visited police headquarters and stated that he had been robbed Saturday night of about forty dollars.

Miller claims Powder Springs as his home. He came to Atlanta Saturday morning and during the day attended to some business matters. After dark he took a drink or two and then began walking about. He was unacquainted with the streets and does not know where he went, but judging from what he says the police are of the opinion that he went out Marietta street. Every time a barroom appeared on Miller's path he stopped to take a beer and by eleven o'clock was quite drunk. At the last place he drank he met several young men whom he treated and with whom he started for a walk. Some time after Miller and his newly made friends left the bar one of them began quarreling with another. The quarrel led to a fight between the two, and during the fight Miller was knocked down. He was not hurt by the fall, but he experienced considerable trouble in getting on his feet again, and when he finally did get upon his feet he found himself alone, his companions having vanished while he was on the ground or struggling to get up. Miller was alone in a strange locality, and did not know which way to go. He began halloaing for help, and when some one came from a house near by he asked to be shown into the city. Miller received the proper directions and, after walking awhile, went into a house, where he slept. Yesterday morning when he awoke he found that his purse and the contents were gone. Miller was unable to give anything like a description of his companions.

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

The W. & A. and the E. T. V. & G. to Enter the Ring Again December 2d.

Diligent inquiry does not throw any light upon the probable action of the Southern passenger committee which meets here December 2d, with reference to the existing differences between the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad and the Western and Atlantic railroad. The committee it is generally believed will strike a tough problem when it tries to satisfy the contending lines. Since the troubles between the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad and the Western and Atlantic railroad were placed in the hands of President Emmerson, of the committee, and the president hoisted a flag of truce, and called the attention of the lines to the fact that the flag meant a suspension of hostilities until December 2nd, neither of the lines have had anything to say, but have quietly submitted to the decision of Mr. Emmerson, and will remain quiet until Mr. Emmerson turns the matter over to the passenger committee.

The East Tennessee, it is understood, still claims the right of admission to the depot, or the allowance of a differential rate, on account of its disadvantages caused by the location of its depot. One or the other the road claims it must have, or rates cannot be maintained.

The other lines claim that there is not room enough in the depot to allow the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia to come in, and that besides this, if they were to let the East Tennessee in, they have no guarantee that it will maintain rates. Another reason for a refusal to let the line into the depot is, that the principal owners of the depot are competitive lines of the East Tennessee, and that they have a right to say whether they will let a new line come in and divide the business. Many are the comments as to the probable result, but no one seems to know enough to make a prediction of how the struggle will end. If the antagonists are not hoaled in by compromise, the probability is that rate cutting will be resumed.

PAYING THEIR TAXES.

The Amount Collected for the Recent Prohibition Election.

As a result of the intense excitement over the recent prohibition election there was such a rush for the tax collector's office as was never known before. It is estimated that

OVER THREE THOUSAND VOTERS

paid their taxes to fit themselves to vote at this election. How many of these paid for themselves and how many had their taxes paid for them it is impossible to definitely ascertain. During the week ending November 14th, the last week of the registration when the tax paying was liveliest, there was paid for poll tax for the year 1884 $3,342.

During the same week for polls and property for 1884 $373 was paid, of which $165 was for polls. For 1883 $107 was paid for polls and property, of which $64 was for polls. For 1882 the amount was $63, with $36 for polls. For 1881 there was $32, with $21 for polls. For 1880 $22, with $14 for polls. For 1879 $10.50, with $7 for polls. For 1878 $4.75, with $3 for polls. For the week ending November 7th $461 was paid for single polls. The amount due for the preceding years and collected that week was $60.70, of which $19 was for polls.

Many of those who paid only poll tax paid all the way

BACK TO 1878

to meet the demand of the law which requires that all taxes must have been paid for the year preceding the election and for all years since 1878 before a man can vote. From the middle of October to the first of November about $500 was collected for poll tax.

When taxpaying for voters first began the cheap fellows were selected, and those voters who owed back of 1884 were, as a rule, rejected. As the campaign waxed warmer, and the time for closing the registration books drew nigh, taxes were freely paid, no matter how far back they were due. The total amount paid to the tax collector by reason of this election must have been over $5,000.

COLONEL HOWELL'S CONDITION.

He Passes an Unfavorable Day—Mr. Pope's Bond to be Increased.

Colonel Albert Howell passed a restless and uneasy day yesterday.

Early yesterday morning unfavorable symptoms manifested themselves, and before noon his family and physicians were alarmed at his condition. As the day passed, however, he grew somewhat better, and late last night was resting much easier and had less fever than during the day.

The change in Colonel Howell's condition reached police headquarters in the afternoon, and Chief Connolly at once notified Colonel Thomas, the sheriff, so that he might take such action as he deemed necessary relative to Mr. Pope. Since shooting Colonel Howell Mr. Pope has been under guard day and night in his room at the Markham house until Saturday evening, when he was released upon a $1,400 bond. The change in Colonel Howell's condition yesterday will probably induce Sheriff Thomas to increase the bond.

Interesting Testimony.

I have suffered for a long time from eczema, which breaks out every year. I have had attention from the very best physicians of which this city can boast, but Swift's Specific has done more for me than all other remedies used. I consider it too, one of the best tonics I ever tested. It keeps me a good appetite and I now feel perfectly well. G. COOK,
Everett House, New York city.
Nov. 25, 1885.

The S. S. S. Company receive a great many letters ordering their celebrated medicine direct, the writer stating that there are so many imitations, and they are afraid of getting swindled. This can be easily detected. Every genuine bottle has the signatures of J. W. Rankin and C. T. Swift on a strip of paper pasted across the cork of each bottle.

The Swift Specific Co. have two books they mail free to all who may apply for them. One on "Contagious Blood Poison," and the other on "Blood and Skin Diseases." Send for them.

Frierson & Scott

Have sold the Willis cotton mills in Cobb county, which have been idle for over two years. They are now being put in order, and in a few days they will have cotton yarns en route to Philadelphia. The low prices of cotton and stiff prices of yarns give the factory good set off.

A CANVASS HAND'S ARREST.

One of the Dime Show Gang Strikes an Atlantian With a Pin.

Thos. Henderson, an attache of the McFin's dime circus, which played last week on Hunter street, is in the city prison.

Henderson is charged with assault with intent to murder.

Late Saturday night while the canvass hands were taking down the tent, Bob Anderson, the man who was cut in the side during a row at a Peters street saloon several weeks ago, approached the gang and opened a conversation with some of them. The canvass men did not seem disposed to talk with Anderson, and a general row was the result. During the quarrel one of the canvass gang picked up a pin, with which he struck Anderson a terrible blow over the head. The pin was a large heavy piece of wood, and came in contact with Anderson's head with such force that he was knocked down. Anderson, however, was not seriously hurt, and walked away. Later in the night intelligence of the trouble reached police headquarters, and Officer Green began an investigation, which resulted in ascertaining that the show had been placed aboard the train. The officer went to the depot, and from a description of the man who struck Anderson, arrested Henderson. Henderson denied most positively striking the blow, but admitted that he was present when one of his men hit Anderson. He was locked up soon after his arrest yesterday morning, and a city case was booked against him. Yesterday the charge of assault with intent to murder was preferred. After the city case is disposed of in the police court this morning, Henderson will be held for a preliminary investigation before a justice of the peace.

WEDNESDAY'S ELECTION.

The Places Where the Voters Will Deposit Their Ballots.

The election Wednesday promises to be a tame uninteresting affair. Only one set of candidates are before the people. Nevertheless the election is an important one and it is the duty of every registered voter to see that he discharges his part of the responsibility by voting.

There will be a voting place in each ward, and the polls will be opened from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening. The ballot boxes will be located:

In the first ward at the corner of Mitchell and Broad streets.

In the second ward at the station house.

In the third ward at the corner Congress avenue and Fair street.

In the fourth ward at the corner of Decatur and Butler streets.

In the fifth ward at No. 3 engine house.

In the sixth ward at the corner of Wheat and Pryor streets.

The managers of the election will be:

First ward—R. T. Tidwell, W. K. Booth, J. C. Rodgers.

Second ward—Ezra Adams, Jas. Walsh, Phil. Dodd.

Third ward—J. K. Thrower, J. J. Pillsbury, David Haynes.

Fourth ward—T. J. Buchanan, J. W. Wade, C. C. Archer.

Fifth ward—V. M. Hodgson, H. T. Austin, R. J. Redding.

Sixth ward—R. H. Norris, John Gatins, A. L. Holbrook.

The gentlemen who are elected Wednesday will take part in the election of three police commissioners, and will have a whack at all the city officers next July one year.

A Card from Commissioner Stephens.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: The facts of the last meeting of the board of police commissioners which has been misrepresented, are as follows:

Several days previous to the 24th the board had a meeting whereat every member seemed honestly anxious to preserve order on the day of the election, and it was arranged then that the chief of police should place a captain and ten patrolmen at the north Atlanta polls, and a captain and fifteen patrolmen at the south Atlanta polls, and hold a large reserve force at the station house to be used when and where needed to preserve the peace, and to enforce the law and city laws as to sale of liquors and keeping order on the streets, and holding him responsible for the execution of the laws. On last Tuesday evening by request of the mayor, who is now a member of the board of police commissioners, a meeting of the board was called, at which meeting a resolution was offered by Commissioner English to place the entire police force of the city under the control of the mayor during the day of the election. To this I objected for the reasons, first that it was in violation of the city charter. See chapter 10, sections 72 to 77, and secondly, that it would be unwise to do so under existing circumstances. That Hillyer and English were pronounced partisans on one side, and Jones was so on the other, that the effect would be to excite apprehensions in the minds of the anti-prohibitionists that the force might be improperly used; that as the matter now was the force was under the chief and chairman of the board, where it belonged; that it was thus, not under partisan influence and should so remain. Commissioner English claimed that the mayor by virtue of his office had a right to control the police, arrest their movements and use them as his judgment might direct to enforce the law. I objected to such an exercise of authority by the mayor for reasons given above, and repeated all of my reasons and 2 objections in Mayor Hillyer's presence when he returned after a short absence from the room, and asked him if he claimed such authority, as was advocated by Commissioner English, and if, as a lawyer, he would put himself on record as giving any such construction to the charter. Mayor Hillyer declined to do so. The result was that the order of arrangements previously agreed on was adopted, leaving the police under charge of the chief, and the result is before the public. We have had the most orderly election ever held in Atlanta. As to how the police stand on prohibition, or how they voted, I do not know. I never asked one of them how they were going to vote. Two of them desired to speak to me about the matter some two weeks ago, and I told them very emphatically that they were not employed as politicians; that they were paid out of the city taxes collected alike from both sides; that they had a right to vote as they pleased, but not to electioneer for either, and that if I heard of their doing so I would help to place them in a position where they could devote their whole time to politics. I was and am opposed to any violation of the charter by placing the police again under the charge of the mayor and council. Old citizens remember the abuses which then existed, when the police spent most of their time electioneering. We do not want to go backwards. Atlanta has now the best police force for its size of any city in America, and is being occasionally improved by dropping off those who show themselves unfit to be on it from any cause, and no citizen can point to a failure on the part of the police authorities to enforce any law coming under their control; and until such a thing does occur it would be well for alarmists and over-zealous persons to wait and see whether or not the prohibition law will be duly enforced when the time comes to do so. As for myself, I certainly propose to do all that is right, proper and lawful in every case that may come before me. My whole desire has been to preserve order in the city pending and during the late election. I said then, and say now, that Atlanta could stand the continued sale of whisky, and can do without it. Whisky or prohibition could not stop her growth, but the attention of the whole country was directed to Atlanta. Many intemperate expressions had been used. A riot on election day would do us more harm than anything else could, and the duty of every good citizen was plain. Nothing should be said or done to inflame public opinion. I so acted myself, and worked all day to preserve order. I am proud of the way the people acted—proud of the police force of Atlanta. I want no office—the one I now hold is my first. I am not ashamed of my record, and have no apologies to make for my actions in regard to the board of police commissioners. JOHN STEPHENS.

"Passion's Slave" Before an Appreciative Audience Last Night.

From the Savannah News, November 24, 1885.

"Passion's Slave" was the attraction at the theater last night. Mr. John A. Stevens, the author of the piece, appeared in the title role, and he and his company presented the play in a manner that pleased the audience very well. As a play, "Passion's Slave" will compare favorably with the best of melodramas.

The story is American, and the plot, while not startlingly original, is clear and interesting.

The skill of the scenic artist has been drawn upon to give effect, and the settings are quite pretty. The prison, ocean and winter scenes were especially good.

The central figure in the play is Mr. Stevens. Having written the part of "Manuel De Foe" for himself, it could only be expected that it would suit him. His rendition was an artistic carrying out of the author's conception. The first part of the play was the most highly appreciated down stairs. The fun is put in the latter part of the piece. Messrs. Colton and Shelton, as "Captain" and "Golight" respectively, were tolerably funny and noisily applauded. J. W. Thompson acted the heavy villian's part so well that the audience seemed to bear him genuine hate. Miss Emily Lytton was very good as "Jamie Briscoe," and displayed considerable sympathetic spirit.

Tonight Mr. Stevens's company will give "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Convict 1240," which is well spoken of, will be produced tomorrow night.

Dr. F. J. Arbeely,
Formerly of Syria, has located in this city. He respectfully solicits the patronage of the people.
Chronic diseases and diseases of children a specialty. Office 25½ next to Opera House. 1w-7p

Miscellaneous.
STILSON,
RELIABLE GOODS, FAIR DEA
53 Whitehall Street,

MY STO
FALL AND WIN
IS COMPLETE IN A
SUITS FOR MEN, B
IN GREAT
I WILL NOT B
GEORGE MUSE,

ASK FOR AND USE DRU
"J. T." or Big Chunk and
THE ONLY GENUINE
AND DON'T YOU
REISER & STERN, GUCKENHEIMER & SON, } SAVANNAH.

Money to Loan.
LOANS!
I have received notice from a client that he has
Sixty Thousand Dollars
TO LOAN!
—ON CHOICE—
CENTRAL REAL ESTATE
—In this City.—
Loans made for five years and at greatly reduced rates.
C. P. N. BARKER,
31½ Peachtree.
nov 2 1m tu th sun mon n r m.

TOYS, DOLLS,
FANCY GOODS.
New and elegant stock at greatly reduced prices. We manufacture fresh every day, for our wholesale and retail departments, absolutely pure
Chocolate Creams,
Crystalized Fruits,
Nut Bon Bons
Caramels,
Marshmallows,
and every variety of confectionery. We have an elegant line of embossed boxes that we give with each pound of candy, and a great many novelties never seen in Atlanta before.
NO FANCY PRICES ASKED.
NUNNALLY & RAWSON.
nov 22 1m 36 Whitehall Street.

"A Brave Woman."
In the American firmament is rising now the brightest star of Miss Sara Von Leer, who is to appear here on Tuesday and Wednesday December 1st and 2d in the great Union Square theater success, "A Brave Woman," pronounced by press and public the greatest success known to the New York stage in years. The new world may claim Miss Von Leer unchallenged, and who her rightful in the constellation where already glow the names of great artists. Miss Von Leer is a native of Mobile. She is today a beautiful young lady with a most charming and sympathetic expression of countenance. Her high broad forehead reveals remarkable intellect, and her clearly defined features attest her strong and persevering will. Her eyes radiant with frankness, shine with the light of her sweet spirit; her mouth which, open discloses lovely white teeth, has a most gracious and kindly smile, while the firm, decided lines of the chin betray the energy of the courageous heart which beats beneath the full womanly bosom. Energy is indeed, one of the most destinctive traits of Miss Von Leer's character, and it is only by her brave perseverance that she has been enabled to triumph over many difficulties, and make for herself a place envied among her rivals. In a criticism of her performance in "A Brave Woman," an auto-crat of the press of New York says: "A brighter, more artless, and more loveable actress has not been brought before the public in many years. Her expression is as delicate as the odor of a rose."

Christmas is Coming.
The preparations for Christmas are already taking shape. The entertainment committee of the Ladies' Aid society of St. Philip's church are to meet this morning at 10 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Ollie C. Fuller, Peachtree street, to perfect arrangements of this nature. The programme of the people of this church for the coming month includes an operetta, a dolls' bazar, and a festival for the children, to consist in part of a cat's party. At the last named each child is to bring his or her favorite cat, and the cats are to have supper, and each one is to bear away a souvenir of the occasion.

ATLANTA, Ga., November 27th, 1885.
For rent or lease from December 1st, three floors over our store with forty-five rooms, well adapted for a first-class boarding house in centre of city, only fifty yards from passenger depot. Apply to
7p P. & G. T. DODD.

Jarvis & Robertson, late Wm. L. Jarvis, carriage manufactory, 44, 46 and 48 Line street, near Fryor. Fine carriages and specialties in new designs of sewing machine wagons and other business vehicles. sun, mon, tue, wed and sun.

Factory for Sale or Lease.
The Atlanta cotton mill supply factory, completely equipped, with the latest improved machinery for doing all kinds of wood, iron and foundry work, is for sale or lease. It is especially fitted to turn out all classes of cotton mill supplies, including looms This factory is situated in Atlanta, Ga., having a frontage of nearly 400 feet on the W. and A. R. R. Terms easy. Address AARON HAAS,
1 tf 36 Alabama street.

Miscellaneous.
JEWELER.
LING AND BOTTOM PRICES,
Atlanta, Georgia.
CK OF
TER CLOTHING
LL DEPARTMENTS.
OYS AND CHILDREN
VARIETY.
E UNDERSOLD.
38 Whitehall Street.

MMOND'S HORSE-SHOE,
Natural Leaf Tobacco.
NATURAL LEAF,
FORGET IT!
TANNER, CURIER & HEATH, ATLANTA.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS,
McKeldin & Carlton,
35 Peachtree Street.

New stock of fine shoes. Ladies' English Waukenphanst shoes. Our imported shoes from 'Drial et Cie, Paris, are the finest ever brought south. Boy's, Misses and Children's Shoes of all kinds, best school shoes made. We have the best $2.00 and $3.00 shoes for men and ladies ever offered to the trade of Atlanta. Fine silk, stiff and soft hats in all new styles. Largest stock of shoes and slippers in the city.
McKELDIN & CARLTON,
35 Peachtree st,

Wall Paper, Stationery, Etc.
"THE BEST"
Place to go for "HOLIDAY GOODS," such as GIFT BOOKS, WRITING DESKS, AUTO, PHOTO and SCRAP ALBUMS, PORT FOLIOS, BLOCKS, GAMES, etc., is at 28 Whitehall street. There is not a book in my house which is not fresh from the publisher, new, cheap, elegant.
REMEMBER!
I can duplicate the LOWEST PRICES offered anywhere in Georgia. Try me.
Fancy Goods!
Row after row, stacks upon stacks of exquisite gift articles.
PICTURE FRAMES!
Any size made to order. No fancy prices.
BEAUTIFUL SCREENS!
You can't match them in Atlanta.
WALL PAPER!
Sold and put up. See my stock before buying.
E. H. THORNTON,
28 Whitehall St.
Stationer, Wall Paper and Picture Frame Dealer

Bussey repairs old hats 2 1-2 Marietta street. sat mon

Guilty.
We are reliably informed by parries who know whereof they speak, that the demands of the public, both here and abroad, has made by a general verdict, without one dissenting voice, the firm of La Fontane & May guilty of making mantles and millwork, which for elegance and beauty cannot be surpassed anywhere in the south. Call and see us at 139 West Whitehall.

Lagomarsino will send to any address one pound superfine chocolate and nut bons bons, on receipt of 40 cents, five pounds $1.75. 1m

We Manufacture
Every stitch of clothing we sell, consequently have the advantage of all retailers, who are compelled to pay a profit to the manufacturer. Eiseman Bros., 55 Whitehall. Manufactory, 14 S. Howard street, Baltimore.

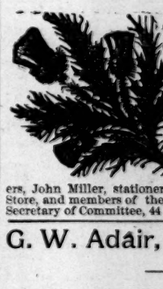
HAVE YOU MONEY TO INVEST?
If so, do not be satisfied with low rates of interest when you can have
EIGHT PER CENT NET.
WITH YOUR MONEY SECURED BY A FIRST mortgage upon some of the choicest real estate in the city of Atlanta; or if preferred, the best farm lands in the state of Georgia, worth in every instance three times the amount loaned. I have been exclusively engaged in the special business of negotiating this class of loans for twenty years in the northwest (state of Iowa) up to 1880, and since 1880 here in Atlanta.
Complete abstracts of title by competent attorneys and all interest and principal collected without a cent of expense to lenders. I use coupon notes, making them as convenient as government bonds. Investors are invited to call and have a talk, whether they desire to invest or not. Testimonials from people who have loaned through me for years are on file in my office. C. P. N. BARKER,
31½ Peachtree street, Atlanta, Ga.

Copartnership Notice.
ATLANTA, GA., NOVEMBER 16, 1885.—A. R. Robertson, late of Knoxville, Tenn., has been this day admitted as an equal partner in my carriage manufacturing business. All outstanding accounts will be settled by the new firm, which will be known as Jarvis & Robertson. The business will be continued with increased capital and energy at the old familiar stand, 44, 46 and 48 Line street.
WM. L. JARVIS.
nov 22, su, mo, tu, wed & su. 7p

Clothing
JAS. A. ANDERSON & CO

Tailor-Made, Form Fitting
OVERCOATS AND SUITS
FOR MEN AND BOYS.
MEN'S OVERCOATS!
All Wool, $5 to $25.
MEN'S SUITS,
All Wool, $7 to $25.
BOY'S SUITS,
$3.50 to $15.
BOY'S OVERCOATS,
$3.50 to $12.
—OUR—
Underwear and Hosiery
Cannot be Equalled.
FURNISHING GOODS,
Consisting of Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Scarf Pins, Cuffs and Collars, the largest in the city.
JAS. A. ANDERSON & Co.,
41 Whitehall Street.

THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS,
Loaned since 1865 in the west and south, without the loss of one dollar to lenders.
Atlanta is ahead of all cities of her size in prohibiting the sale of liquor by popular vote; so is she equal to any city in the security she offers, and in the prompt payment of interest by her people on money borrowed.
My facilities for making superior investments on city or farm property are unsurpassed.
No loan made for more than one-third the value of security taken.
Eight per cent interest net to lenders. Send for pamphlet containing full information relative to Georgia, the security offered and my testimonials. Call and see me, Correspondence solicited. L. B. NELSON,
Room 12, Gate City Bank.


Grand Concert and Supper.
The Atlanta Caledonian Society, Scotchmen, and their friends will have their second annual celebration of St. Andrews Day on Monday evening, 30th of November, at Concordia Hall, Marietta street. Programm

Fall Trade 1885.

McBRIDE & CO.,

CROCKERY, CHINA, CLOCKS,

SHOWCASES,

House Furnishing Goods,

LARGEST STOCK,

LOWEST PRICES IN THE SOUTH.

32 Wall Street, Opposite Carshep.

"THE OLD BOOK STORE."

38 Marietta St., opposite Opera House.

Offers a Dictionary, handsomely bound, new, latest edition, 32,000 words, also containing a miniature Encyclopedia, 670 illustrations from store 20c.; by mail 25c. Cheapest and best book in the world; for sale only by "OLD BOOK STORE." 5,000 Elegant Christmas Books, very cheap.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Atlanta, Ga., for the week ending November 28, 1885. Persons calling will please say advertised and name the date.

LADIES' LIST.

A—Addie Atchison, M A F Angling, Mary Archer, Sarah Avriett, Mrs D M Almand.

B—Lizzie Brown, Ida R Brown, Mary Bailey, Antie Bowin, Hettie Brooking, Homer Bowesville, Joanna Boyde, J H Blossom, Armoda Beck, Mini Brandly, Annie B Barclay, Mandy Bradfiel, M A Barnes, Sulia Barker.

C—Loyemma Clark, Leah Collier, Silanna Croft, Alice Cook, Sue Conner, S B Conner, Dinah Cash, Malinda Cary, Caroline Cater, Rebecca Carroll, O D Calhorn, Sallie Coodle.

D—S R Doby, Martha Diamond, Mary Dalda, R F Davis, Lula Davis.

E—Ella Earnest, Margaret Evans, Ella Earnest.

F—Fannie Foster.

G—Pearl Griffin, Ann Gunit, A Gredig, M I Green, L G Ganett, Emma Goulden, Coppie Gaines, Mrs J Grant.

H—S C Hawkins, Susie Harrison, Fannie Heard, Lucy Henderson, Lena Hendricks, Bessie Hill, Fannie Hickson, Ella S Howard, Bettie Howard, Kate Harris.

J—Henrietta Johnson, Emma Jones, Harriet Johnson, Annie Johnson, C J Johnson, Sallie Johnson, Mary Jackson, Harriet Jackson, Sarah A Jackson.

K—Ceo S Knight, Maggie King, Maggie L. King, Ob Kicklighter, Lue King.

L—Lettie Lyons, Minnie Loyd, A C Loftis, F T Lanier, S H Lawshe.

M—Mary McCoy, Josie A McDonald, Josie A McDonald, S C McConnell, Lulu McDaniel, Maggie Morgan, Mary Moore, A C Moore, F M Miller, Ellen Malock, Emily Maynard, Merminda Matthews, Kate E Maynard, Mrs Maxwell.

O—D B Osborn.

P—H A Purtett, Fannie Poliman, Mary Pinson, Bella Pertilla, Cora Pascall, A B Parsons.

R—Wyly Roberts, Milly Roberts, Emma Robinson, A J Rooks, Liny Raines, Betty Riggins, H R Renfro, Minnie Rennel, Rebecca Rakestraw.

S—Susie Smith, Carrie Smith, Mary Shorts, Mrs Schiman, Katie Spugge, Annie Shepherd, M E Sandford, Joanna Sanders, Geoseppa Sangulmetta.

T—F B Trottie, Henry Thomas, Ellen Thomas, Mary Thomas, Dulu Tober, Mattie Traylor.

W—Lena Warren, Guen Walkins, Minnie H Waters, Elizabeth Worker, Ilsey Walker, Williamna Goins, S S Webb, Dyle Wheeler, Anna Wilson, Lizzie Wilson, Ella Winboon, S J Worthen, Adaline Williams.

Y—Fanny York.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

A—G H Aubrey, Robert C Armstrong, A Alford, J G Allen & Co, G L Appleton, Arnold Bros, Isaac Adair, J H Adams, Henry Arnold.

B—Henry Brown, R T Bumby, Jack Bucheren, F R Banker, J S Bart, Jack Buchan, Josiah H Burton, J M Birdsell, H T Betts, Thos E Brock, J H Browning, L A Billing, Jack Buffalo, Chas Bingham, Richard Birian, John M Benson, J Brewer, C W Bledsoe, Wm Begg, Moses A Belle, J Beruhardt, Robert Brewer, W L Batey, M Baker, J C Baker, H Bemberig, A H Black, J H Branson, I F Barnett, G H Baker, C C Barnes, John W Bankson, B S Barnard.

C—J B Clack, J M Currie, C Curry, C F Crumley, M C Crum, H M Cole, Joseph Colce, W T Colbit, Frank E Coleman, R G P Conyers, H S Cook, C Coney, B Coswick, L Cook, L G Coogier, Horace A Crocker, H E Conney, H N Ceurtland, C B Chuss, J F Clay, Geo E Carthright, 2, A A W Camp, Geo Campbell, M S Certen, T C Campbell, R Coswick, J H Corwill, G H Craven.

D—Wm Davis, J R Dord, John Davis, Frank Davis, Mr Dale, P W DeCane, E I Dikes, Tillers Dorsey, Chaham Dorsey, A L Dykes.

E—J S Edwards, H H Engram, Belle Emanuel, John D Evans, J C Alexandria, J W England, Hill Elgan.

F—Chas Felton, Max R France, Thos P and Cady Fleming, T T Fleming, A F Fisher, Richard Finch, N J Finn, J H Foster, Johnnie Foman.

G—F E Golden, Daniel Golden, G Golden, B L Giddings, E T Grimes, James Gibens, L H Gile, G C Gence, Wm C Glenn, Geo S Green, Robert Greenwell, Timmie Green, Allie Godbing, H Y Garrett, I D Garrett, S B Garland, Ben Wing Gardner, E M Gadsden.

H—Dolphus Hubbard, D C Huley, R M Hudson, Chas Hughes, Eli Hudson, R J Hunt, J M Hurst & Co, J B Hutson, A M Hyer, J R Hyatt, Edward H Harris, Clem Harris, T M Harris, Burt Hargroove, M H Horralson, Mariah Hall, Wade Hall, S I Hall, Theo M Harris, Dr S Hurman, George Hust, I T Heard, Wm Henderson, Julius H Hill, C M Hill, Monroe Hill, C B Hillyer, S Holden, Hodge Bros, J R Howell, J C Holmes, E E Halloway, Chas H Hudson, J M Hudson, D C Huley.

J—A S James, F M Jenkins, W M Jenkins, Thos Johnson, Chas C Jones.

K—Mitchell Kelly, G Kennedy, Robert Kelley, Cen Kesler, Abram Key, Chas Kelly, R Kehoe, S B Kennedy, John Kinnear, Oceala King, John F Kirkwood, A J King, G Kulkpatrick, A P Knowles.

L—J H Lyon, Sandy Lynch, J Lyman, Elias Lemy, Willie Lee, Geo R Lombard & Co, Joseph Liggett, Isaac Leon, J L Lamar, J H Ladson, T C Lander, T G Lanier, J M Lee.

M—John Manning, C S Malletts, D C Montgomery, Julius R Martin, Leslie Martin, Andrew Mahoney, W W Mix, T C Michels, E W Mitchell, Price Muical, J M Morgan, A J Moses, R G Mosley, E T Morgan, V L Morris, Major A H Moore, Henry D Moor, L P Murray, Donald McPhee, Mr McCollier, E E McCarty, W P McDaniel, S E McGanty, E H McMorris.

N—J H Nowlin, I B Northrop, Rough Naters, W M Nichols.

O—Overhait Bros, Henry Odum, Frank O Osgood, C H Octgen, Blanche O'Brien, Theodore Orusby, Ottenberg & Bros, Z Otts.

P—Jerry Pluasey, John E Park, J D Parker, G S Peacock, Henry Preston, Audiu Perry, J V Perrine, J H Penney, J M Peck, L J Phillio, Chas R Price, C H Price, Elliott Pickington, H A Pieper, S W Pryor.

R—Wm M Ryals, Tarbur Rucker, C Rudisville, N D Robinson, W G Roberts, Rily R Ross, P B Robinson, E F Roberts, Rosenbim & Co, S M Reynolds, W Rout, Wm Read, John Reynolds, E J Reynolds, W N Ray, Prof M Rapport, Arthur Robinson.

S—Arthur Smith, Henry Smith, R H Smith, J M Sullivan, J R Scott, Lorine Stoddard, A S Storne, Lam Stoultz, Boby Snowden, J H Stowre, Y R Scott, A C Shaw, M T Singleton, Joseph Sherrier, Clark Seibert, J A Sitwill, Geo M Shemoide, Chas Selden, A Stewart, H J Saber, John Stalker, Stoney Schetmum, M M Stansby, W A Sands, Samuel Schaefer, Lorine Stoddard.

T—C W Turner, R Chalmers Turner, W P Turner, I P Turpin, Cary Turner, Josh Thomas, C H Thomas, Pick Thornson, C S Thomas, John A Thompson J M Tribble, W E Taylor, S Toby.

V—B F Nandusen, S H Veliter.

W—N W Williams, L M Williams, H I Williams, J H Wynn, R D Woodall, Harry S Words, James Woodward, H D Wood, Walter A Wood, John Willson, S T Wilkes, Jacob Wildberger, J Whitehead, H H Wilson, Jas Wilmoush, J K Wright, Jas Winbush, W H Whittaker, J N Wills, H W Wilkinson, J A Wright, A J Wilson, J H Welch, N R Westbrook, J A Webb, A D Wilms, H D Webster, J D Waring, Ike Wadlington, Geo H Walker, Chas W Walker, H Wallace, H Wakely, C H Ward, J H Walker, J B Wolfe & Co.

FIRMS.

Kelly & McBride, Duncan, Buckwells & Co, Gate City Iron & Roofing Co, Dobunne & Crawford, Sectary Fair and Trotting Association, Musical Record; Hoyle & Carlock, White & Graham; Blynning Manufacturing Co, Murphy; Taylor & Hunt, Wilson & Huff, Clark, Harrison & Co, Thompson & Day, Rome, Hampston & Co, Hill & Burrows, Rogers & Winn, Atlanta Refining Co, Eppins; Smith & Co, Gate City Gin Co, King & Lewis, Crescent Fire Insurance Co, Son Clinic, Wilson & Herauker, Georgia Scale Co; Walker Iron & Coal Co, Greydon & Denton.

To insure safe and prompt delivery have your letters addressed to their street and number.

W. T. B. WILSON, P. M.

A. P. WOODWARD, Ass't P. M.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast. When he finds it stiff and lame he at once applies St. Jacobs Oil.

[66 and 68 Whitehall and 1 to 15 Hunter Streets, Atlanta, Ga.]

THE LARGEST STORE IN THE SOUTH.

Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

IMPORTERS

Dry Goods, Millinery, Carpets, Shoes, and Dress Making.

We are now in our new store with plenty of room and facilities equal to any house in the United States.

We have the Largest and Most Elegant Stock ever bought by us.

Our Silks, Velvets, French Novelties, Woolens, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Table Linens, Towels, Laces, etc., etc., are new and in the VERY LATEST STYLES.

IN LADIES CLOAKS WE HAVE AN IMMENSE STOCK, ALL THE NEW STYLES. Also a full line of Cloak Material with Trimmings to match.

THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF MILLINERY EVER SHOWN HERE. Miss Holroyd, our manager in this department, will be glad to meet our trade and especially her friends.

CARPETS JUST RECEIVED. PRICES DOWN. New and Stylish Patterns, never seen in this market, just opened with Rugs to match. With our enormous stock and our increased facilities we can and will sell regardless of others prices.

SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS.—None but the very best and every pair guaranteed as represented, with full and complete line in Rubber Goods for the winter.

In our Dress Making, as in every other Department of our business, our facilities are equal to any and we leave to the public to judge of our efforts to meet the demands of our trade. [Agents Buttrick's Patterns.] CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON & CO.

Medical.

NO CURE! NO PAY!

The Merchant Dealing in

GUINN'S

PIONEER BLOOD RENEWER

Is hereby authorized to refund the money if it does not cure the diseases for which it is recommended, and when taken according to directions.

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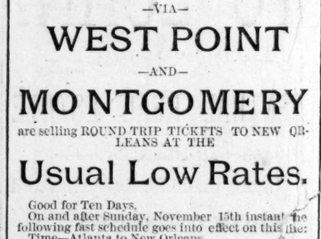

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1 Grand prize of	20,000	20,000
2 Large prizes of	10,000	20,000
4 Large prizes of	5,000	20,000
20 Prizes of	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
600 "	100	60,000
1000 "	50	50,000

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100 " "	100	10,000
100 " "	75	7,500

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White China Tea	Plates	75c.	set,	worth	$1.25
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" "	Cups and Saucers	$1.25	"	"	2.25
Decorated China "	"	1.25	"	"	2.25
" "	"	2.50	"	"	3.50
"	Plates, fancy, 20c. each.				
"	Chamber Sets,	$5.00	"	"	6.50
"	China Tea Sets,	6.50	"	"	8.00
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Here they are: 5 and 7 cts. for a Dress plaid, formerly sold for twice this money.

40c. for a beautiful Dress plaid, 48 inches wide, and the biggest value in

Black Cashmere

at 25, 50, 65 and 75c. that has ever been shown the people of this city. These are grand bargains, and people who want Black Cashmeres will be richly rewarded by examining these special drives.

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25c. for children's Knit Shirts and Drawers, all sizes.

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The underwear named above are jobs with us, and when they are out we will sell no more this season at this price. You will find a plenty of goods at the above prices in the market, but we are speaking of goods with wool and good enough for any person. At 50c, 75c and $1.00 you will find our regular line of ladies' and gent's undervests and drawers unusually attractive.

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Blankets and comforts! Everybody, they say, sell them cheap. We ask you to allow us to show you our blankets at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 and $4.00, and our comforts at 65c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25, and then we will leave it with you to pass judgment. Just here let us remind you that our stock of cloaks is large, and that they are going to sell.

D. H. DOUGHERTY & CO.

The rush continues in our hosiery and handkerchief department because our full regular made split-foot stockings at 25 cents, for ladies, can't be matched in the south.

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UNLESS BEARING OUR PATENTED TRADE-MARK, A LEAD METALLIC SEAL, ATTACHED TO THE STRING AND THE STRIPED CANVAS, AS IN THE CUT.

THE

VOL. XVIII.

LYING IN STATE.

FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE VIEW HENDRICKS' REMAINS.

The Swelling Crowds Surging into Indianapolis—Miles of People in Line to See the Dead Man's Face—The Body Returned to the Residence—The Funeral Services Today.

INDIANAPOLIS, November 30.—All the trains coming into the city this morning were crowded, several of the roads were compelled to run extra trains to accommodate the people who desired to come to the capital to attend the funeral of the vice president. The remains lie in state in the corridor of the courthouse until evening. Arrangements for handling the crowd were much more satisfactory today than yesterday. Military companies and police were stationed along Washington street for two blocks away from the courthouse, and as fast as the people arrived they were put in two lines and kept moving. There was a steady and undiminished stream of humanity pouring through the building all day. The doors were opened at 7 o'clock this morning, and from that time up to noon the crowd passed through at the rate of 75 a minute, probably 25,000 persons viewing the remains up to 1 o'clock. The greater part of these were from outside the city, although all the schools, offices, manufactories and nearly all the business houses in the city have been closed all day. Mrs. Hendricks remained quietly at home this morning, seeing but few callers. A committee of ladies have elaborately decked the family residence with white crape, smilax and flowers.

THE STATE BAR TAKES ACTION.

At a meeting of the state bar association this afternoon, Hon. Walter R. Gresham, of Chicago, presided. Judge David T. Turpie presented a lengthy memorial, and brief eulogistic addresses were made by Judge W. A. Bickle, of Richmond; Hon. Jno. E. Cofroth, of Lafayette; Judge B. F. Love, of Shelbyville; Judge F. J. Davison, of Crawfordsville, and others.

There was an early lighting of the public streets and city buildings tonight, night coming on rapidly, owing to an impenetrable wintry sky. The firmament is starless tonight, and fear has been general that tomorrow may usher in a storm. There was a slight sprinkling of rain this afternoon, but it was hardly perceptible and soon passed away, but the heavy appearance of the sky late in the afternoon, indicated that the storm might only be held in abeyance.

THE CROWDS FOURING IN.

During the afternoon there were evidences on hand in every direction of preparations for the ceremonies tomorrow. The crowds began to grow denser in the business portion of the city, and the hotels took on a crowded appearance. On the residence streets the finishing touches were given to the mourning decorations, the work of draping having been practically concluded in the business center. Washington street, the main business thoroughfare, presented a sable appearance, no structure appearing without its drapery of black, relieved occasionally with an intermingling of white. The face of the dead vice-president met one everywhere. This led to the portals of the courthouse, where the remains lay exposed to view, and the surging and ever increasing throng was to be met at any point along its entire length, but grew more dense when approaching the public entrance. Here the military and police were called into requisition to keep the mass moving and prevent a blockade. When the great doors of the building were ordered closed this afternoon, the waiting crowd, numbering thousands, stood in line, trying to take a last look at the face of the dead, but were unable to do so. After 1:30 the pressure of the crowd to view the remains became greater, the line formed on the street extended two squares from the entrance, and the guards were increased in order to prevent an accumulation of the crowd. The speed was accelerated until about ninety per minute passed the body. It was estimated that forty thousand viewed the body during the day.

SENATOR VOORHEES ARRIVES.

Shortly before noon Senator Voorhees and party were admitted to the south entrance, and the senator paused for a moment for a close inspection of his friend. He went with reluctance, saying in a few moments that he preferred to remember Hendricks as he last knew him, but after viewing his remains he expressed surprise at their lifelike appearance. "Perhaps a little paler, but remarkably lifelike," was his remark. A similar opinion was expressed by the other gentlemen, who were given more than a passing glimpse.

At 4:15 the doors were closed. In 15 minutes the marshal and his assistant and the representatives of the committees marched to the courthouse. The casket was borne through the south entrance to the street, where it was placed in a hearse and escorted by four Indianapolis military companies, it was returned to the parlor of the homestead. All along the line of march the mournful music of the Columbus barracks' military band announced its movements, the people flocked to see the sad spectacle. Until it is removed to the church tomorrow, the body will lie at rest beneath the roof where its last living hours were spent, and will be surrounded by tokens of affection and sympathy sacred there by friends today.

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR TODAY.

The committee on reception and arrangements concluded all matters of detail today. The arrival of near all the distinguished visiting delegations has been timed for the early hours of the morning, and sub-committees were appointed to arrange for their reception. 1,000 tickets been issued for admittance to St. Paul's Episcopal church, where the services will be conducted and the orders are such that no one will be admitted to the edifice in the absence of the proper card. A detachment of soldiers and police will be on duty to see that this order is carried out. In the funeral procession there will be seventeen carriages for the exclusive use of relatives and intimate private friends. These will follow the hearse from the family residence to the church. The procession will be formed at the church. The remains will reach the church promptly at 12 o'clock. The line of march to Crown Hill cemetery, where the remains are to be interred, is fully five miles, and owing to the length of the procession, any delay in its movement might necessitate the performance of the concluding rites at the grave after the shadows of the afternoon had begun to fall, and owing to this fact, the committee have sought to assure promptness in all movements.